



T. T. P.

Room. - (leaf: Sander)



ROMA ILLUSTRATA:
MS OR, A *MS*
DESCRIPTION

Of the most Beautiful PIECES of

PAINTING,
SCULPTURE,

AND

ARCHITECTURE,

ANTIQUE and MODERN, at and near
R O M E.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's*
Head, *Russel-street*, Covent Garden, and
S. CHAPMAN in *Pall Mall*. 1722.

ROYAL INSTITUTION

DESIGN

OF THE

PAINTING

SCULPTURE

AND

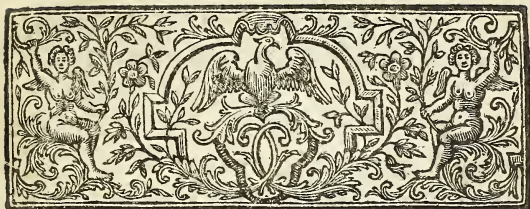
ARCHITECTURE

OF THE



1800

Printed by J. M. Dent, 18, Ave. du Louvre, Paris.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,



PAINTING, Sculpture,
and Architecture, have been
worthy the Care of the great-
est Men of the World, as well
as Poesy : I make no mention
of Musick, because they all partake of
it.

DEDICATION.

it. For if there flow not through all a delightful Harmony, the whole appears disproportionate and grotesque.

FINE Arts have ever been the darling Favourites of a fine Genius, and where they have been contemned or neglected, it has been observable that there is no publick Spirit, but a savage Barbarity predominates, and a Poverty of Soul ; or at best, private Views, and a wretched Mind, bent on amassing useless Treasures. Princes have particularly smiled on these, as proper Mediums to transmit down to Posterity their innate and acquired Glories. Indeed, those Persons who have had no gallant Actions to boast of, and were not conscious of any Merit to recommend them to their own or future Ages, were much in the right not to erect triumphal Arches, Columns, or Statues, which would have been, they knew, the greatest Satyr in the World ; no Trophies of their Honour, but Monuments of their eternal Infamy.

D E D I C A T I O N.

W H O E V E R has been at *Rome* must know the Truth of what I say: Who can see those fine Pieces of Sculpture and Architecture, Antique and Modern, but must have a high Idea of the publick Spiritedness of the Ancients, and which (considering the vast and long Decay of the *Roman* Empire) still keeps up a great deal of its Vigour amongst the Moderns?

O F the Paintings of the Antients we have no Footsteps, and what we see now in *Rome* is entirely Modern; the several Revolutions and Changes *Rome* having underwent were the Cause of its entire Destruction, so that this Art lay deeply buried (thank the Barbarity of the *Goths* and *Vandals*) 'till it was reviv'd by *Cimabue*, who came into the World in the Year 1240. Then she began, with Sculpture, to rowse, as from a Lethargy the most profound, but neither appeared with that majestic Air as formerly, till *Michael Angelo* and *Raphael*, and other great Pain-

D E D I C A T I O N.

ters and Sculptors of their Time (amongst whom one must justly reckon *Julio Romano*, and the incomparable *Bernini*) encourag'd by Popes and Kings, brought both with Architecture to that high Perfection they now appear in.

THE Works of these great Men I have often viewed, and viewed with Amazement; and the principal Pieces of all these are particularly described in this little Treatise, which I humbly offer to your Lordship as an agreeable Amusement.

YOUR Lordship, who has so fine and delicate a Taste in Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, will find something here to divert and please you. Here, my Lord, you will be entertain'd with the Descriptions of those fine things you saw in *Rome*, the soft and flowing Pencil of *Corregio*, the Gracefulness of the divine *Raphael*, and the strong and muscular Manner of *Michael Angelo*, who yet was a much better Sculptor and Architect than

D E D I C A T I O N.

than Painter; the grand and majestic Master-pieces of the incomparable *Bernini*; amongst which is a full Description of that inimitable Groupe of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, that marvellous Piece of Sculpture in the *Villa Borghese*.

THIS representing one of the Fables in *Ovid*, whose *Metamorphoses* I am now publishing with as much Expedition as the Nature of the thing will allow of, I have been at the Expence of having an exact Design of it from *Rome*, which is now actually engraving, and will be the finest Print in *England*.

THIS I hint to your Lordship, to shew that no Expence or Care shall be wanting to embellish that Work, and at the same time, take this Occasion thus in publick humbly to thank your Lordship for encouraging that great Undertaking; (but a Lover of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, must, of Necessity, be a Friend to Poesy.)

D E D I C A T I O N.

Nor shall I ever forget that Goodness and noble Affability with which your Lordship treated me at *Chestwick*.

Y O U R Lordship is endued with all the noble Qualities of a true great Man; but for all that, I shall not tell you so in swelling and pompous Terms, and give you a long Roll of the illustrious Names of your Ancestors, and their heroick and gallant Actions, as is the ordinary Practice of Authors: It favours too much of Common Place; and I hate what may look like the very Shadow of Flattery.

Y O U R thorough Judgment and Discernment in the *Beaux Arts*, display sufficiently your fine Genius and Gusto, and long may you live to enjoy what you now possess. You are Master of what may make you lov'd and admir'd. Your Encouragement of Art and Industry is most noble. Remember the whole World will, till the general Conflagration, stand indebted for many invaluable Treasures to a BOYLE.

MAY

D E D I C A T I O N.

MAY your Lordship, in your high
Sphere, shine brighter in future Ages
than that noble Personage. *I am,*

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

most obedient,

August 20.

1721.

and most humble Servant,

ROBERT SAMBER.



T H E

Large amount of work done
on the 1st of June 1912
on the 2nd of June 1912
on the 3rd of June 1912

on the 4th of June 1912
on the 5th of June 1912
on the 6th of June 1912

on the 7th of June 1912
on the 8th of June 1912
on the 9th of June 1912

on the 10th of June 1912
on the 11th of June 1912
on the 12th of June 1912

on the 13th of June 1912
on the 14th of June 1912
on the 15th of June 1912



THE PREFACE.



*T*is a Proverb amongst the Italians, that he who has been once at Rome desires to see it a second Time, but as that is not likely to be my Lot, I have often agreeably entertain'd my self with the pleasing Remembrance of those glorious Monuments, both Antique and Modern, which in Sculpture, Architecture and Painting, at this Day make Rome the Mistress of the World. And to render this Remembrance yet more lively, had once an Intention to have publish'd a particular Description of those unvaluable Rarities, and had accordingly gone through a pretty way in the Collection; but this requiring

The P R E F A C E.

quiring more Time than my other Affairs would admit of, I could not hope soon to perfect it: When there fell into my Hands a little Book, which took only notice of the most remarkable Monuments of Rome, Antique and Modern, and I believed in the mean while, presenting the Publick with these would not be disagreeable, especially to the Virtuosi. This Piece was collected by Monsieur Raguenet, whom I own I have almost entirely followed, as may be easily seen by the Style, which through the English Dress, may evidently be discovered to be his own.

I have purposely omitted the Description of the Picture of the Trinity, in the Church of the Trinity of the Pilgrims, painted by Guido Reni, and one of the finest Pieces in Rome, because I would give no Offence to Protestant Ears. For tho' the Roman Catholics make no Scruple to paint the Trinity, as God the Father like a venerable old Man, who holds extended between his Hands Jesus Christ on the Cross, with the Holy Ghost like a Dove above his Head, hovering in bright Glory, yet with the Reformed, it is look'd upon little less than a Species of Idolatry: I have for that Reason omitted it, because I would offend no Body.

However,

The P R E F A C E.

However, I hope it may divert my Reader a little, if I relate what past between my self and a good Father at Rome on this very Subject. I had the Happiness to be in Rome in the Year 1706, and staid in and about that City nine Months. Going one Day to visit St. Peter's, (the finest Church in the World) after passing the Bridge of Saint Angelo, I fell into Discourse with an English Father about painting the Holy Trinity. After several Words pass'd, No wonder, said he, you do not much care in England to be put in Mind of the Trinity, for I hear several of your great Men do not believe the Divinity of Jesus Christ. But however, Sir, do you think we pretend by painting a venerable old Person, any wise to represent or pourtray the Essence of God the Father? and pray, Sir, since you go to that, have not you in your Common-Prayer Books, Jesus Christ represented as a Man, and the Holy Ghost like a Dove, and do you, by these Figures, believe the Divinity of either is there set forth? By no means, Father, said I, but these were the Forms the Scripture tells us they appear'd in. You have studied the Bible to fine purpose, said he, and did not God appear to Moses in the fiery Bush, and may not that be painted think you? But still, Father, this Bush is not an old Man.

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Man. Who knows not that? *says he a little warm*, but turn to the first Chapter of *Ezekiel*, and the seventh of *Daniel*, and you will find that God appeared in the Form of a venerable old Man to these two Prophets, and is call'd by the last of them the Ancient of Days. Besides, these kinds of Paintings are mere Symbols, and hieroglyphical Mysteries, and demand our utmost Veneration and Respect; and this has nothing of it of Idolatry, for the Idols of the Heathens, as *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and ——— Hold, good Father, *said I*, we are just entred a Christian Temple, let *Jupiter* and *Juno* alone till another Opportunity, I beseech you. Your learned Discourse has absolutely struck me dumb, and I shall have a better Opinion for the time to come of your Symbols and hieroglyphical Mysteries, as you call them. Ay, ay, *said he*, when you have convers'd a little longer with us, you'll see into these things much better.

We were now arriv'd at the Chapel of our Lady of Pity, which serves as a Choir for the Canons, upon the Altar of which is plac'd that wonderful Groupe, the Workmanship of the great Michael Angelo de Buonaroti described in this Book. To this were several Persons, and some of the highest Distinction,

The P R E F A C E.

stinction, bowing and making Genusflexions, with all the external Adoration in the World.

Well, my good Father, *said I softly*, what think you now? Here are graven Images, you see, and the People bowing down before them, and worshipping them, contrary to the express Words of the Decalogue; but I think you leave out that which in *England* is called the second Commandment out of your Manuals and Catechisms. And han't we Reason? *reply'd he*: I think so, *said I*, for else I suppose the Unlearned would be apt to think they sinned in worshipping these same Images. You have hit it, *says he*, and by leaving out this we act more consistent with our selves than you do, as I shall have an Opportunity to shew you before you and I part, I'll warrant you. But, *said I*, these Prostrations here to an Image, and so much Adoration to an inanimate Being, is a little shocking tho' methinks. Why really, *says he*, it may be so till you are a little used to it. I suppose, Sir, you studied the old Philosophy? We have nothing else at *Oxford* but old *Aristotle*, they study *Descartes* indeed at *Cambridge*. Ah! *said he*, Don't name him, he has done a great deal of Mischief to Religion, for between
you

The P R E F A C E.

you and I he is no better than a Heretick in Philosophy. Then you are for the old way I find. Undoubtedly *Aristotle* was the Prince of Philosophers. O, said I, I am in love with the *Aristotelian* way, I understand a great deal of *Ens rationis*, and have maturely digested the Predicaments; but what charms me most is that admirable Definition of Quality, *Qualitas est ea qua quales quædam dicuntur*, than which nothing is so clear and instructive, and then at *Futurum contingens* let me alone. Now I have some hopes of you, said he, for I find you know how to distinguish, than which nothing is more necessary in Divinity. You must know therefore that these People here commit no manner of Idolatry in bowing down to these Images, for you must distinguish between the external Act, and the internal. I grant you, as to outward Appearance, it is the same Adoration as is paid to God, but the Mind pays another kind of Respect or Worship. And I hope your good Folks in *England* will make a vast deal of Difference in Worships, tho' expressed by the same Term. For in your Service-Book a Man says, he worships his Wife, and yet I hope he is no Idolater. You must distinguish, I tell you, for the Word *Colere* has two or three Significations,

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ons, for there is *colere Divos, colere Agrum,* and *colere Uxorem.*

I am convinc'd, *said I*, of the absolute Necessity of these same Distinctions. O Lord Sir, *said he*, they are our *Sine quibus non*, we cannot do without them: This made me smile. Nor you neither, if you go to that, *continued he*, for have not I seen many a grave Doctor bow very devoutly to the Altar, or Communion-Table, with the ten Commandments over it, supported by *Moses* and *Aaron*, and crown'd with the King's Arms, Lyon and Unicorn and all? and yet I'll warrant he would have taken it very ill to be accus'd of Idolatry, (tho' the ill-natur'd *Dissenters* are apt to call it so) and let me tell you, if an Idol is nothing, as *St. Paul* says, the Unicorn (I have nothing indeed to say of his Camerade the Lion on the North Side) is an abominable Idol, for there never was any such thing in the World ever in being as this same Unicorn, and pray why may not poor *Catholicks*, without Idolatry, bow down to the Images of blessed Mother *Theresa*, *St. Rose of Viterbo*, *St. Ursula*, and the eleven thousand Virgins, good *St. Patrick*, *St. George*, and *St. Simon Stock*, as well as you to *St. Moses* and *St. Aaron*, *St. ten Commandments*, *St. King's Arms*, and *St. Lyon* and *St. Unicorn*?

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St. *Unicorn*? Come, come, what is Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander, the same Answer serves for both.

Your Reverence is very merry, *said I*, ay, ay, 'twould make any Body merry to hear how fillily some Folks talk, but I am not so merry neither, I hate *ludere cum sacris*, as the Saying is. So do I indeed Father, tho' I must tell you, you were a little ludicrous about St. *ten Commandments* over the Altar, but remember we leave none out. The more Shame for you, *said he*, for my part I wonder how Men can go up to the Altar and rehearse gravely the fourth Commandment, which enjoyns the keeping of the seventh Day, which is the Sabbath, the People afterwards desiring Mercy of God to incline their Hearts to keep this Law; that is, they desire God to encline their Hearts to keep this Law, which they have a firm Resolution beforehand not to keep, and are told by their Pastors it is unlawful to do so. Nor will your Salvo of a *seventh Day* mend the Matter: For tho' the *first Day* of the Week be a *seventh Day*, yet the *first Day* of the Week is not the *seventh Day* of the Week. There's a *Rowland* for your *Oli-ver*, answer me this if you can. This is
my

The P R E F A C E.

my Choak-Pear, my *Argumentum Palmare Scotisticum*.

I own, *said I*, this is a Piece of Absurdity, and I shall take care to have it rectified when I come to *England*. Pray see you do, *said he*, or you shall hear farther from me. For I can tell you, both *Bellarmino* and *Baronius*—— Here he was interrupted by the Pope's coming in, preceded by the College of Cardinals to sing *Vespers*, and I took the Opportunity of dropping the good Father, for I was apprehensive I must have stood the full Fire of these two Champions, and knew not how to confute *Bellarmin*, and put *Baronius* to a *Nonplus*, as a certain Person used to do once a Year in about half an Hour's time, and with them dispatch'd the whole Council of *Trent*, and *Popery*.

Thus ended this Controversy of Idolatry, which most People talk of, and few understand.



R O M A





ROMA *Illustrata*:


OR,

A DESCRIPTION of the most
curious PAINTINGS, STATUES,
and BUSTO's in and about
ROME.

CHAP. I.

PAINTINGS IN THE ROOF OF THE
CHURCH OF S. ANDREA DELLA
VALLE.

*By Domenico Zampieri, commonly call'd
Domenichino, Native of Bologna.*

 **T**is by looking on these Paintings
that one is sensible that the great
Masters in this Art, display in their
Works the Lineaments and Fea-
tures of a Beauty so moving, that all Man-
kind,

kind, even the very Populace and the Ignorant, are touched with its Excellence.

In the most disadvantageous Place of the Roof of the Choir, and in a very narrow Space, *Domenichino* has painted J E S U S C H R I S T, who on the Bank of the Lake of *Gennesareth*, where he is represented to be, perceiving *Andrew* and *Simon* in a Vessel, calls them to be his Disciples. This Action, which is marked by one only Gesture, and that too the most plain and simple, is expressed after a Manner so natural, that at first View every one knows what it means, *viz.* That J E S U S C H R I S T calls to him these two Fishermen: That *Andrew* stretches out his Arm, as asking him, Which way he could come to him? And that *Simon*, full of Confidence, leaps out of the Boat, as sure of walking on the Water as on dry Land, at the Sound of the divine Voice that called him.

The moving of the Vessel, and the Action of him who rows it, are such beautiful Expressions, as equal those of the sublimest Painters that ever were. One plainly sees him plunge in his Oar, and lifting himself up with the whole Weight of his Body in the Air, give an Impression and Motion to the Boat. You would believe you saw him advance in his way, part the Waves, and
make

Church of S. ANDREA, &c. 3

make them froth and foam. It is impossible that the Action, Effort, and beautiful Posture of this Boatman, should ever escape one's Memory, after one has seen this Piece of Painting; and yet these things we very frequently forget, after viewing those who row in real Vessels; so true is it that Art, when it is pushed on to a certain Degree of Excellence, makes more powerful Impressions in one's Mind, and more durable than Nature it self. This made *Poussin*, who, without Contradiction, was one of the most accomplish'd of the modern Painters, frequently say, *That he knew no Painter but Domenichino for Expressions, and he went greater Lengths therein than the Caraci themselves.*

But that beautiful Perspective, in which *Domenichino* has plac'd this Boat and Boatman, in my Opinion, surpasses all the rest, and is even beyond the Tongue of Man to express. And tho' they are both painted in the most concave Part of the Vault, yet they appear no more foreshortned, than if they were on a strait Wall, and the plainest Superficies. One of his Friends asking him one Day, by what Rules he found out the Means of producing an Effect so surprizing? *Domenichino*, tho' one of the most modest Men in the World, could not help saying,

4 PAINTINGS in the

That it being impossible for him to have any Assistance from Art, he had recourse to his own Genius.

The *Evangelists* at the four Triangles under the Cornish of the Cupola, are so artfully contrived, that they look rather like so many real Statues, than Paintings upon Plaster; and the Lion at St. *Mark's* Feet, which the Children play with, is a most incomparable Piece.

The Virtues above the Cornish, and between the Windows of the Cupola, appear the same, like real Statues in Niches; but that of voluntary Poverty, has a Relievo that surpasses every thing of that kind that ever was: It looks as if it did not so much as touch the Wall on which it is painted, and there is no Body but what it would really deceive. The Landskip that runs thro' this Roof, is most beautifully finish'd, and of a grand Gusto; the several Sites have a perfect Relation to each other, and yet at the same time are free and disengag'd; composed of a great many Objects, but well chosen. The Country is animated with Rivulets, whose Nature is to be in Motion; and these, embellish'd by the Reflections of the neighbouring Objects, bestow a delicious Freshness thro' the whole. The Colours are all exquisitely true in the distant Objects,

Church of S. ANDREA, &c. 5

Objects, the Trees of various Forms, the Touches fine and delicate, having few Lines, but expressing much: In a Word, the whole is after the exquisite Gusto of the *Caracci* his Masters.





C H A P. II.

THE PILLARS OF ANTONINUS AND
TRAJAN.

THESE Pillars are both of them twisted, of white Marble, and covered with Bass Relieves.

The Pillar of *Trajan* is one hundred and forty Foot high; that of *Antoninus* one hundred and seventy five. They have both of them the true Proportion of Pillars, made according to the most exact Rules of Architecture; so that one may very well frame a Judgment of their Circumference by their Height.

They have each of them a Pair of Winding-Stairs, by means of which one may go up even upon their Capitells. The Stair-Case of *Trajan's* Pillar has one hundred and seventy three Steps, that of *Antoninus*, one hundred and ninety; each of which has forty little Loop-holes, to let in the Light imperceptible in the Outside.

ANTONINUS *and* TRAJAN. 7

The Urns of *Antoninus* and *Trajan* were heretofore placed upon these Columns, and the Bass Relieves with which they are covered, represent the Conquests of the *Romans* in the Reign of these two Emperors. There you may see their naval Engagements, their Field Battels, and their Triumphs, much better represented than one can see upon any Print or Medal. The Men, Horses, every thing is alive, moves and really fights, but with Rage and Fury. The *Romans* in Triumph seem to part, advance, and walk round the Pillar; they all, even to their Habits of War, appear grand and full of Majesty as they march to Battel.

You see there an Infinity of Figures, a surprizing Variety of Attitudes and Actions, and nothing but an inexhaustible Genius could furnish a Design of a Composition full of so prodigious an Abundance of Ideas so entirely different.

The Uniformity of the Work of those who cut these Bass Relieves is also very astonishing; the whole is finished with such Exactitude and Equality, that it looks as if the whole was made by the same Workman, and cut by the same Chissel.

But what is most admirable in all the Figures of these Bass Relieves, is the Proportion which is strictly observ'd in Re-

gard of their Situation : For they go still larger, according as they are placed in Height; so that those which are at the Top of the Column, are seen as well and as plainly as those at the Bottom; and the whole is so equal, that the Mind, deceiv'd by the Eyes, thinks not of the different Situation of the Objects, which must, by necessary Consequence, take away the Difference of their Dimension.

In short, these are two of the most valuable Monuments in the World, whence even the great *Raphael Urbin* borrowed his finest Thoughts, and most singular Expressions, wherewith he has enrich'd his famous Picture of the Battel of *Constantine* against *Maxentius*, which is to be seen in the Vatican, and of which we shall give a Description in this Work.

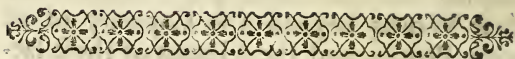
I shall say no more, but that these two Pillars are yet almost as entire as they were when they were first rais'd, and are much better preserv'd than most of the Medals which were struck at the same time. These are what one may truly term eternal Monuments, and certain Instruments to procure Immortality to those who made them; for so they are by themselves, at the Experience of the Injuries of Time; and should the World continue as long as it already has, these Pillars, in all Likelihood, would

no less endure, if they are not purposely thrown down and destroy'd: So much are these Works beyond the Capacity of all other People, and the Genius of these latter Ages.

The Antients have at least display'd some sort of Fertility of Genius in the Art of inventing Monuments, to eternize the Glory of their Princes; * Columns, Pyramids, Sepulchres, triumphal Arches, as one sees by the Variety of their Works; but those who meddle with this Task now-a-days, seem to have nothing in their Heads but an Equestrian Statue.

* These Pillars of *Trajan* and *Antoninus*; the Pyramid of *Cestius*; the Sepulchres of *Augustus* and *Adrian*; the triumphal Arches of *Septimius Severus*, *Titus*, *Constantine*, &c.





C H A P. III.

ST. SEBASTIAN,
A PICTURE IN THE PALACE OF PRINCE
BORGHESE.

*By Domenico Beccafumi, otherwise called
Micarino de Sienna.*



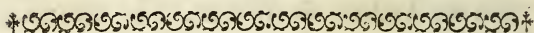
THE Excellence of this Piece of Painting, plainly makes it appear, that a Painter whose Name makes no great Noise in the World, may perform sometimes such Masterpieces of Art, as may equal the Works of the greatest Masters. Saint *Sebastian* is here represented with his Body all pierced with Arrows; a holy and charitable Woman draws these Arrows out, but with an Action inimitable, which gives all those who look on, a perfect Idea what Agony she undergoes on Account of the Pain she makes the holy Martyr suffer, and that her Intention in causing this Pain against her Inclination, was only to comfort and succour

cour him. She apprehends she shall wound him, even in endeavouring to remedy his Wounds; she trembles, and is afraid to give him Pain in rendring him this dolorous Service; she first suffers, and before him, that officious Sorrow which she causes; she draws out these Arrows with Art, with Precaution, and with, I know not what, industrious Prudence; never any one drew with an Address so delicate, and in doing so little Injury to the wounded; she knows how to manage both Wound and Arrow, and suits thereto the Movement of her Hand; were it from her own Body she could not do it with greater Dexterity and Art; one would certainly think she is perfectly sensible of the Degree of Pain he undergoes, and that she proportions thereto the Force she employs: This therefore makes it not only a bare Representation that one looks at, but we think we assist at a Reality. One sympathizes with the holy Martyr, directs the Eyes and Hand of the holy Woman that assists him; and the less one must believe we can assist her, the more do we interest our selves in this her Action.



CH A P. IV.

PIECES OF SCULPTURE,
TO BE SEEN IN THE VILLA BOR-
GHESE OUT OF ROME.



APOLLO AND DAPHNE,
A GROUPE,
IN THE PALACE OF THIS VILLA.

By Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, *commonly*
called Cavallero Bernini, *Native of*
Naples.



THE Groupe of *Apollo* and *Daphne*
has carried away the Reputation
of all the Works of latter Ages,
inlomuch that it is called, *The Miracle of*
modern Sculpture.

It is what one cannot sufficiently admire
that *Bernini*, out of a piece of Marble of
so small an Extent, knew how to make
two Figures running as these do, one flying,
the other pursuing. There is not above half a
Foot distance between *Apollo* and *Daphne*,
the God has just taken hold of the Nymph;
how-

however one plainly sees that he did not do so till he was quite out of Breath; and the Expression which the Sculptor has given him, makes us see, after a very sensible Manner, that he had almost lost his Strength the very Instant he took hold of her. Thus knew *Bernini* how to give Marble, not only the Agility of Motion, but even the Rapidity of the swiftest Race.

What shall I say of the Beauty of *Apollo*, and that of *Daphne*? Has one ever seen more beautiful Lineaments, or a Body more beautiful for a God or Goddess?

It is the hardest Marble that ever was wrought on, and yet it is cut with that Tenderness and Delicacy, that it appears Wax or Paste, or rather very Flesh it self.

The Feet of *Daphne*, which begin to shoot out into Roots, is certainly a Work of the finest Chissel and the most masterly Hand that ever was; they are most delicate Fibres of Marble, and formed with so much Industry and Art, that one still sees they are Feet, tho' at the same time they are Roots; It is the very Instant of the Transformation, and the very Action of the Metamorphosis that is here expressed: It seems as if one saw this Mutation grow insensibly upon you and by Degrees. At the sight of that wonderful Expression, one is fully persuaded that *Daphne* is really metamor-

tamorphosed. *Bernini* makes an Impossibility easy and natural ; for to look on this Miracle of a Groupe, it seems to be easy and natural that a Foot should take Root, and a human Body be changed into a Tree. The Arms become Branches insensibly, and the Fingers little Boughs, which instantly form small Tufts of Leaves ; so that this Transformation seems to be made in the very Instant you look at it, and that all these Changes are formed in the twinkling of an Eye.

But that in my Opinion which is most excellent in this Masterpiece of Art, is the Body of *Daphne*, where tho' the Proportions are exactly observed, one perceives already the Idea of a Trunk of a Tree, where that gross Shape which such a thing so thick as this Trunk must necessarily have, does no ways hinder the Artist from preserving not only the delicate Traces of a human Body ; but even those Colours so elegant and graceful, by which the Ancients distinguished the Bodies of their Gods and Goddesses from those of Men ; and where, in fine, by a Prodigy of Art the Action of Growth, which is only caused by imperceptible degrees in Nature, and which must of Consequence be insensible, is notwithstanding very perceptible in the wonderful Attitude in which *Bernini* has

has placed this Body, by a kind of launching out which he has given it, and who already has made it appear higher than that of *Apollo*, from whom it is ready to escape by shooting it self up into the Air by its sudden Growth.

I shall add no more, but the Modesty of the Sculptor, in my Opinion, seems to crown the whole Merit of his Work, and this Modesty shews no less his Genius than his Prudence; for *Apollo*, all naked as he is, is covered by the Foliage, which is so artfully placed between him and *Daphne*; and this Nymph, whose Body he imagines to lay hold of, is already a Lawrel in that Place where he touches her, so that one sees nothing on that side but the Rind of a Tree, which begins to form it self all over the Body of *Daphne*.

If after all this, one would reflect that *Bernini* was only eighteen Years of Age when he made this excellent Piece, which equals the most rare Productions of Antiquity, and which surpasses all those of later Times, would one not admire the Force and Energy of Genius, that valuable Gift of Heaven, which is independent of Years and Ages; which makes us at every Age of Life, and at all Times, carry on the Works of Art to the highest Perfection; and that there is nothing in which the Moderns
may

16 BELISARIUS, *a Begging.*

may not excel the Ancients; and that it is by no means impossible but young Persons, almost just come into the World, may sometimes produce by their first Essay, Works which may surpass the Master-pieces of the most consummate Artists?

BELISARIUS, *a Begging.* *

An Antique Statue.

THIS Statue has in its Attitude an Expression so perfect, that, without knowing what it represents, at the first View one may plainly see it is a Man a begging, and at the same time that he is a Person of Quality: An Union rare and difficult to make and represent in the same Person and almost by the same Characters! For the Air of a great Man, and that of a Beggar is very different; however the Sculptor knew so well how to unite them in this Statue, that one evidently sees that this Man at the same time is both the one and the other.

* *Belisarius*, General of the Armies of the Emperor *Justinian* in the sixth Age, was reduced to such great Extremity as to ask Alms in the Streets of *Constantinople* to get his Bread.

Poverty here is supported by I know not what noble *Fierte*, which Merit and high Birth bestow; and yet this noble *Fierte* is here tempered with I know not what Character of Modesty, which ever accompanies Indigence and Poverty.

It is an Air of Elevation, but of an Elevation ruffled by Misery; it is an Attitude of Beggary, but of a Beggary caused by an unjust Turn of Fortune.

One plainly sees he is a great Man, but a great Man in the utmost Necessity; one plainly sees he is a poor Man, but a poor Man brought up in Riches and Abundance; and who, far from being born a Beggar, appears as if he had been accustomed to give liberally himself to those in the like Necessity; a poor Man who sees himself reduced to a strange Extremity of Misery, but who is conscious nevertheless of his Talents, Capacity, and of his past Employments; a poor Man, in short, who does not pride himself with the Idea of those important Posts he once so honourably filled, and who does not let himself be too much cast down by the sad State into which he sees himself fallen; who remembers his past Fortune without being vain, and is sensible of his present Disgrace without being in Despair: For these different Sentiments, tho' united here in the Air and Attitude

18 FAUSTINA *and* her GLADIATOR.

titude of *Belisarius*, make nevertheless no manner of Confusion, but are very easily distinguished.

FAUSTINA AND HER GLADIATOR.

An Antique Groupe.

ONE cannot look upon this Groupe without believing one saw *Faustina* her very self, trembling for the Life of her dear *Gladiator*, with whom she was passionately in Love, being willing to retain him, when he was on the very point of leaving her, to go and fight in the Amphitheatre.

One discovers in these Sentiments the fond Love in which she is intangled; her Passion which burns to be satisfied; her high Birth which she sees she dishonours; the Grandeur of her high Rank which she vilifies; the fearful and immodest, feeble and hardy *Empressments* of a Woman who loves and knows very well she sins; the Fear she has lest her Lover should be killed; the Efforts she makes to stop him; for all these Passions are so naturally expressed in her Air and Attitude, that one cannot resolve to look at her without entering into her Sentiments; and one would have Pity on the Pain, and wretched Inquietude of so great an Empress, if one was not ashamed of her Weakness.

A GLADIATOR.

An Antique.

By Agasias, Native of Ephesus.

THERE are only fix Statues in the World of equal Strength with this; it is one of those famous seven* of the first Rank, which the Ancients have left us, amongst even whom they were looked upon as so many Prodigies of Art: This Gladiator having passed in the most flourishing Times of the *Roman* Empire for a Miracle of *Grecian* Sculpture.

There is not one part of his Body that does not shew that he has collected all its Force against his Adversary; all his Muscles from the Head to the Foot are stretched, swoln with Spirits, and employed to furnish him with that Vehemence he would make use of against his Enemy.

There is no Person in the World can put himself into this Position, or prepare the whole collected Forces of his Body after the manner of this Gladiator, unless he be a Gladiator by Profession; that is to say, has

* The *Venus* of *Medicis*, the *Hercules* of *Farnese*, *Apollo*, *Laocoon*, the *Mirmillon*, *Meleagar*, and this *Gladiator*.

been instructed by a continued Course of Exercise, and has learnt the Trade by Rules of Art.

It is wonderful to observe, how his whole Body is extended from the very Extremity of the Ball of his Foot, on which he sustains himself to his Fingers Ends, which he advances in the Air; it seems as if there were one strong and vigorous Nerve stretch'd itself from one to the other, passing thro' the Reins, which are as fully stretched out as his Leg and Hand.

Had a BORELLI *, who studied to the bottom the Mechanism of the Movements of human Bodies, designed a Figure in the Attitude of this Statue, I should not at all be surprized, since no Philosopher of our Times ever knew so well as himself, in what Situation and Posture Man has greatest Force, having through the whole Course of his Life made a particular Study of that Science; but that a Sculptor should make one as well as BORELLI could, if with all his bright Knowledge he had been acquainted with Sculpture, would have been a Prodigy that would have gi-

* A Mechanical Philosopher, who composed a Treatise on the Motion of Animals, which is one of the most excellent Productions of our Age.

ven me the utmost Confusion. For to conceive this, one must suppose that the Discoveries which this great Philosopher has made, were effected by profound Meditations, and at the same time believe that the newest things in this World were so common to the Ancients, that People who were neither Physicians, Anatomists, nor Mathematicians by Profession, knew them so well as BORELLI. For it is most certain that this Statuary, who designed to produce the Figure of a Gladiator, who collects together all the Force a human Body is capable of, to give the greatest Stroke possible for a Man, has made this Statue in such sort, and has given him such an Attitude, that there is not so much as one Muscle in the whole Body, which does not concur to fortify this mighty Stroke; so that tho' it should have been BORELLI that had undertaken to make this Gladiator, he would not have known how with all his Mechanicks to find out a Situation more proper to this Action than what has been given to this Statue by a simple Sculptor of *Greece*.

AN HERMAPHRODITE ASLEEP.

An Antique.

THIS Antique was found in the Place where at present the Church of *Santa Maria della Vittoria* stands, when they were laying the Foundation of that Church. This Statue, to all Appearance, was one of those which was set up for the Ornament of *Dioclesian's* Baths, or *Salust's* Gardens. *William Bertelot*, a *Frenchman* by Birth, had the Care of restoring it, and it is one of the most excellent Pieces left to us by Antiquity.

The Genius of the Artist who made it is there discovered in a wonderful Manner in that Art, by which, tho' he has made only one Sex appear, one may notwithstanding perceive that his Person has both; for he has represented it lying upon the Belly; and after such a Manner, that the back Parts visibly appear to be entirely feminine, and the Male Sex perceived below; one must agree that it is an Attitude and Expression the most happy and ingenious that the Mind of Man could invent, to represent an Hermaphrodite after such a Manner, as appears by no means immodest.

Bernini made a Couch of Marble to lay this Statue on, and there is no one but would believe it to be made of a Stuff proper for such an Occasion. Every Body, without well knowing why, is apt to put their Finger to it, and is sensible, with I know not what Confusion, of the Hardness of the Marble, which resists the Touch, where it was natural to believe it penetrable by the Finger.

A NARCISSUS.

An Antique.

ONE has nothing else to do, but to cast ones Eyes on this *Narcissus*, to see at once, that he looks at himself, tho' there is nothing about him, where he may observe the Reflection of his own Face. However, one would think it essential to place a Looking-Glass or Fountain before a Person in this Circumstance; and yet, without either, the Sculptor evidently makes it appear, that *Narcissus* looks at himself; the Force of his Expression supplying the Place of Fountains and Mirrors.

One ought very well to know how to deceive Nature, thus to express Actions despoiled of their most essential Circumstances. Statuaries now-a-days have a great deal

deal of Trouble in bringing about even the most trifling and unnecessary, with their proper Circumstances. Here the Sculptor, without any of these Helps, pronounces the Action of his Statue, in all its Force, by its bare Attitude, and mere Energy of Expression.

SENECA *expiring.*

An Antique.

SENECA is here represented with his Veins open, and losing all his Blood in a Cistern of black Marble, where he stands naked.

The Cistern is hollowed about the Height of half a Foot, and the inside of it is of Porphyry.

The Statue is not entire, it has nothing of the Legs, but the upper Parts, which are set in the Porphyry, which the Cistern is full of.

Nothing resembles so much the Colour of Blood as this Porphyry, so that SENECA in this Situation seems to be really in his own Blood to the Midleg in the middle of a deep Cistern, which is almost full of it.

It is made of black Marble, which makes the Eyes that are of Alabaster appear yet more languishing and dying.

All the Sentiments which he is full of in this Extremity, are represented in so lively a Manner in his Face and Air, that there is no one but what may read them there. One sees there evidently that this great Philosopher is sensible that he is drawing on to his last Moments, and that he is going to lose his Life, with the Remainder of his Strength, which begins to fail him. That he is penetrated with the Immortality of his Soul, already busied by the Approach of the other Life, into which he is going to enter; persuaded of a supreme Justice, an universal Providence, and convinc'd of the Existence of the first one eternal BEING.

His expiring Attitude, his dying Looks towards Heaven, his Face wearing the Marks of a certain Death, lifted up to the Gods; his Blood exhausted, his Strength abated, all the Members of his Body languishing, a general Faintness just approaching, form all together an Expression so touching, that all who look on him must be affected with a suitable Tenderness of Soul.

One really thinks one self actually present at the Death of this unfortunate Philosopher, and that one sees him in his Agony breathe out his last. Indeed, after having well considered this Statue, one cannot, as long as one lives, help believing that one

26 HERCULES *and* ANTEUS.

was an Eye-witness to this grand Event, and that one really assisted at this sad Spectacle.

If *our* Sculptors did but know how to make a CHRIST of like Expression, it is certain it would draw Tears from the Eyes of all Christians, without any aid of Eloquence; since this expiring Heathen strikes a sad Sorrow, by his only Expression, into all those who look on him, tho' one has no other Interest in him, than that Interest of Nature, the Sentiments of which makes us compassionate at the Sight of all Objects worthy our Pity.

HERCULES AND ANTEUS.

A Picture in the Palace of the same
VILLA.

By Cavalier GIOVANNI LANFRANCO
Native of PARMA.

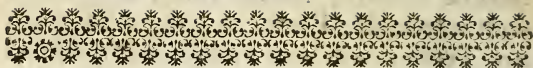
H*Ercules* holding up *Anteus* in the Air, grips him with such a furious Force in taking him hold under the Ribs, that he squeezes all his Body to that degree, as to make both sides touch each other. One would almost think one heard the dreadful Cries of that unhappy Wretch, who finds himself thus squeezed to pieces.

Hercules

Hercules appears in this Action to make terrible Efforts, *Anteus* roars, and suffers such intolerable Pains, as make him gnash his Teeth; and one cannot comprehend how a Painter who never saw a Man thus squeezed together in the Air, could divine all these Expressions and Attitudes.

I shall say no more, but that it is easy to see in this Work, the Gusto of the strong, firm, terrible, and grand Designing of *Annibal Caracci*, *Lanfranco's* Master: To which the Scholar, thro' the whole, has added a Liberty of the Pencil, and a Lightness of Hand, which one may look on as his proper Character and particular Talent.





C H A P. V.

Pieces of SCULPTURE
To be seen in the CAPITOL.

The two Horses of Marble upon the
Balustrade of the Court.

Antiques.

*And the two others at MONTE CAVALLO;
one of which was made by PHIDIAS, and
the other by PRAXITELES.*



THE two Horses of Marble which are at the Entry of the Court of the CAPITOL, have an Attitude so full of Life and Movement, that one cannot go under them, as one must to come into the Court of the CAPITOL, without being afraid; for there is no Body can look up at them, but would almost believe they were coming over his Head: It seems as if they had nothing but their hinder

der Feet upon the Balustrade; that the other advance out of the Court, and that they are going to throw themselves to the Bottom of the CAPITOL.

However these Horses, so lively as they seem to be, appear cold and dead, in Comparison of those at MONTE CAVALLO; one may judge therefore of what Fire and Vivacity is their Attitude.

The Statuary has made choice of Horses the most fiery and impetuous, and he has known the rare Secret to give them their proper Expression. They stand in the Air, just supported by their hinder Legs, which appear writhed and twisted by the violent Effects they make to run away, in spite of the two Men that hold them.

You see all their Skin rumples, their fore Legs tossed up in the Air, their Neck in a violent Contorsion, and their whole Body in restless Motion. Their Mouth is open, and their Tongue hangs out, their inflam'd Nostrils snuff up and discharge rather Fire than Air: And to see their unquiet Movements, and their violent Action, you would say they were going either to throw themselves at once on their Backs, or precipitate themselves from the Pedestal, and drag along with them the Men who strive to hold them back.

30 *An* EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

A real and living Horse must have been very vigorous, and incited after a very extraordinary Manner, to represent the Fire and Impetuosity of these.

AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

O F

The Emperor MARCUS AURELIUS.

An Antique.

THERE never certainly was yet any Horse, either *English* or *Spanish*, how lively and vigorous soever, that discovered more Life and Vigour than this here, all Brass as it is.

To observe his Lightness, one would say that he rests not upon the Pedestal which supports him, and that he has no manner of Occasion of such Assistance. To see his Action and his Fire, you will not only say that he is about to walk, but that his Feet do not so much as touch the Basis on which he stands, and that he moves along in Reality; he seems to have more Life and Motion than Horses themselves which live and move.

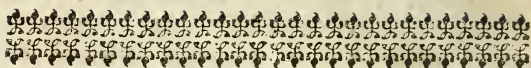
With good Reason then may one say, That these ancient Founders blended Souls with the Metal they cast.

But

An EQUESTRIAN STATUE. 31

But what shall we say of the gilding of *Marcus AURELIUS*? What Gold! how shining! and full of what Lustre! how durable! what Art in gilding! This is so light, so fine, so intimately united with the Metal, that it makes but one Body with it; and it seems to be a Statue of pure Gold and not of gilded Brass.





C A A P. VI.

A Saint MICHAEL.
A Picture at the *Capucins* of
CAPOLE CASE.

By GUIDO RENI, *commonly call'd,*
IL GUIDO, *Native of BOLOGNA.*



Never in my Life saw a Picture of GUIDO, that had so rich and magnificent a Colouring as this; where, (if one may use the Expression) he has been even lavish of Vermillion and Azure, which he employed so little of in his other Pieces.

S. *Michael* is painted in an Attitude the most noble and august in the World; his Wings extended in the Air, his Arms elevated, and as if armed with Thunder; his Scarfe flying abroad, and his Garb after the *Roman*. The whole Canvas is filled with the vast and spacious Grandeur of this Angel, his victorious and terrifying Air; all this has something in it so grand and pompous,

pompous, that a Creature cannot possibly have an Air more divine without appearing a God.

What shall I say more? All the rare Talents of GUIDO appear to me to shine with all their Magnificence in this only Picture, as in a common Expression; his Manner is easy, grand, and noble, sweet and graceful; his Pencil light and flowing; his bold Strokes running thro' Places the most laboured to deprive the Sight and Idea of the Study they cost him; the Finesse of his Thoughts, the Nobleness of the Figures, the Grace and Dignity flowing thro' the whole: In a Word, all those great and noble Parts of his Art which have acquired him an immortal Honour and Reputation.





CH A P. VII.

A SAINT CECILIA.

A STATUE OVER THE TOMB OF THAT
SAINT IN THE CHURCH CONSECRA-
TED TO HER NAME.

By STEFANO MADERNA, a Lombard.



HERE is no one but would believe this Statue to be the Workmanship of BERNINI, since, for the Delicacy of the Work, and the Tenderness with which the Marble is cut, it is intirely of the Gusto and Genius of that famous Sculptor.

STEFANO has represented St. CECILIA in the Posture she was found in a long while after her Death ; that is, lying down, and extended after such a Manner, that one half of her Face being towards the Ground, one commonly see the other.

It was the dead Body found after this manner the Sculptor would represent; and never Design was better executed.

One thinks one really sees a dead Person, whose Clothes have taken a Turn conformable to the Posture her falling on the Ground has given her.

It is no longer Marble that one sees, it is Flesh, it is her Clothes that cover her, and are ranged according to the Impression which the Weight of a dead Body gives in falling down, to its Members destitute of Life and Motion.

The Nonchalance of those Members strike even the most ignorant in Art: One sees the Arms joined, and the Head, carried by its own Weight, turn half of one side, to make an Equilibrium to the rest of the Body, in that Situation we see it in.

Even to the very Wounds that the Saint received, all is divinely expressed in this Statue: One evidently sees that it is not only a dead Body, but that it is the Body of a Person dead by violent Wounds, tho' there does not appear the least Sign of these Wounds: However, her Posture and Situation in her Fall, makes one sensible of them, and the Manner in which this Body lies, and whose Members are thus disposed, makes one plainly know that it is the Body of a Person, who being mortally

wounded, fell with her Face towards the Ground, and has taken an Attitude so natural.

In short, the Marble loses here its Stiffness in the Folds of a pliant Stuff, which follows the Movement of a heavy Body, according to the Bent and Inclination to which, at first View, one sees it yields and gives way. It loses its Hardness in the Flesh of a Body, whose Members turn according to the Situation which their proper Weight makes them take, and of all its Qualities, retains only its being cold and heavy, to express those of the Flesh of a dead Body.



A CHRIST.

A CHRIST.

A Picture in the CANCELLARIA, or
Chancery in the Apartment of Car-
dinal *Ottoboni*.



A CHRIST.

*A Picture in the Cancellaria, or Chan-
cery.*

By GUIDO RENI.

IN this Picture there is only the Head
of a CHRIST, crown'd with Thorns:
However, I do not think Painting can e-
ver display more Riches than GUIDO has
shewn in this Head only.

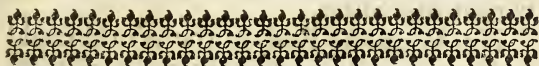
Never was seen in a Face so much Tran-
quillity with so much Pain, so much Force
with so much Suffering, and so much Se-
renity with so much Grief.

In a languishing Complexion, livid with
Wounds, and on the Blood, which almost
covers the Face of CHRIST, and where
it seems to have been a while coagulated,
Guido has made appear such shining Strokes
of

of Majesty, such an elevated Air of Grandeur, so sensible an Image of Divinity, that nothing but a God could thus be formed, and that never a Man in the World, in the Flower of his Youth, and the most happy Fortune, had an Air so grand as this Christ, in the most deplorable Condition a Person could ever be reduc'd to.

He must certainly have possessed a true Idea of the *Grand and Beautiful*, to know thus, in the midst of Wounds, and Languor of a Face, (if I may use the Term) buried in Blood, which runs from every part of a Head all pierced with Thorns, how to represent it in its full Lustre and Magnificence.

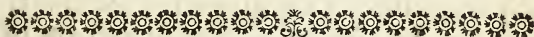




CHAP. VIII.

PAINTINGS

To be seen in the Palace GHIGI, near
the Church of the holy Apostles,
belonging to
PRINCE DON LIVIO ODESCALCHI.



DANAE.

*By ANTONIO, commonly called CORREGIO,
born at Corregio, a Town in the Mode-
nese.*



HIS Picture is one of the finest
that ever came from the Hands
of CORREGIO. *Danae* is here re-
presented in her Bed, with only
one Sheet, and by means of which she
discovers almost the whole Body, by wrap-
ping it in a proper manner, to receive the
Golden Shower from a bright and yellow
Cloud,

Cloud, which dissolves in Drops of Gold, and falls into those Hollows she has formed within this Sheet.

No Woman's Body in the World could preserve its Whiteness in the midst of these Sheets, which are as white as Milk, or the driven Snow; and yet that of *Danaë* is so far from losing any thing of its Beauty, that it seems as if *Corregio* had display'd all the Magazine of the dazzling Whiteness of this Bed, as a proper Theatre to make that of the Woman's Body shine with greater Advantage.

Her Beauty, adorn'd with the agreeable Charms of Youth, makes it appear worthy the Passion of the greatest of the Gods; and her Air, full of all the Attractives of Innocence, seems to engage *Jupiter* to think it worthy his Care, not to use against her his Omnipotence, but to manage his Conquest by an Artifice so seducing, as that of the new Metamorphosis, which he employs to make himself Master of it.

The Colouring of this Cloud big with Golden Rain, is of a wonderful Extent; but the Genius of *CORREGIO* is yet more so, in the Air with which he has made *Danaë* receive the precious Drops of this ambrosial Liquid.

A less able Hand would, perhaps, have painted her hastily gathering up this Treasure;

sure; but a Passion so odious as Avarice, is not the Character of a Person so young and noble as was *Danae*; and one only sees in her Air, I know not what agreeable, but innocent Surprize; she receives this Gold, the Object of the Passion of a wishing Heart, with some Complacency indeed, but without any avaritious Greediness.

Cupid, who assists her in receiving this Golden Shower, is of such finish'd Beauty, that he appears rather a God than a Man.

The little Loves, which rub upon Touchstone the Point of an Arrow made of the fallen Gold, to see if it is of good Alloy, are of an exquisite Gusto, and their Action is natural to Admiration.

One can see nothing finer for Expressions, more delicate for vast Variety of Colouring, and more charmingly touch'd with the Pencil than this Work.

The Colours are tender and flowing, the Foreshortnings wonderful, the Manner the most finish'd that ever was.

All the Thoughts are ingenious, the Airs of the Head graceful and noble, and the Exactitude of the Work does by no means hinder its appearing to be very disingag'd and easy.

It seems as if Grace and Beauty dwelt about the Fingers of this excellent Painter,
and

and that they abandon'd them as he work'd, to expand themselves in his Pictures.

His Colours are tenderly united, and have in them I know not what of Enchantment; his light and flowing Pencil seems to have been guided by an Angel's Hand. And when one reflects, that *Corregio* has carried Painting up to so high a Degree of Excellence, without having learnt any thing from the Ancients or Moderns, without seeing Antiques, and without any Master, one cannot help adoring the supreme Author of all natural Talents, who, in the Dispensation he makes of them, is pleas'd sometimes to bestow on some Men a Genius so much above the Common, as may supply the Place of Rules and Precepts, Instructions and Examples, and all foreign Aid, as he has done in *CORREGIO*.

A GANIMEDE.

By MICHAEL ANGELO DI BUONAROTI,
born in the Territories of AREZZO in
Tuscany, and Annibal Caracci, Native
of BOLOGNA.

THIS Picture has this singular in it, that the Subject was design'd by *Michael Angelo*, the greatest Man in the World for Designing, and the Painting is
of

of *Annibal Caracci*, one of the greatest Men that ever was in that Art.

It is very difficult to comprehend how, according to the Fable, an Eagle could take up a Man and fly away with him up into the Air; the more one thinks of it, the less seems it possible to be conceiv'd. However, *Michael Angelo* has so well executed it in the Design of this Picture, that he has rendred very likely this Action, which appeared so much the more impossible, the greater the Efforts of the Imagination are that we are forced to employ to conceive it. For without having made the Eagle too large, or *Ganimede* too small, he knew how to give so much Strength to the one, and so much Delicateness to the other, that it appears very natural that an Eagle, vigorous as he is, will lift up, without using much Force, a young Boy so delicate as *Ganimede*.

The Attitude which *Michael Angelo* has given these two Figures is wonderful, for he has so locked in *Ganimede* by means of the Eagle's Neck, and one of his Claws, that he is held with an invincible Force, no manner of Hindrance at the same time to his Flight.

One of his Claws, with which he grasps one of *Ganimede's* Thighs, and his Head and Neck, with which he encompasses his Body,

Body, puts him so much in his Power, that he has the Movement of his Wings free, and Liberty to fly, leaving his Prey no Possibility of escaping.

Thus the Painter, by this powerful Expression which he has given the Eagle, by the delicate Structure of *Ganimede's* Body, and the twining of each within one another, has made probable an Action that seem'd impossible to the Imagination of the greatest Wits.

There is yet another thing which I think very wonderful in this Design, which is the Dog which looks up, with an Action full of Surprise at his Master, whom he sees carried away in the Air; for nothing is fuller of the true Gusto of Nature than this Dog, which otherwise would be nothing, and yet he has a wonderful Effect. Nothing appears easier than to imagine it when one sees it done; but before one has seen it, who would have thought on it? You see here the Merit of *Michael Angelo* in the Design of this Piece, and that of *Caracci* in Painting, with the utmost Force and Delicacy, the finest Design of the World: For never was seen an Eagle more perfect, nor a Man's Body more beautiful and better painted. In a Word, one sees here all the Vivacity which he knew to give to Expression, and all the Strength imaginable

ginable in its Execution. All the Figures of this Picture equally convince us of the wonderful Talent that this excellent Painter had, to chuse in all the Objects of Nature, certain specifick and predominant Characters, which make them most essentially be what they are; and which also most sensibly and most specifically make them appear what one would have them appear, when one knows how to take them as he does, and impress them on those things one would represent.

A SYBILL.

By GUIDO RENI.

THE Paleness of this Woman's Face, her Wrinkles, her Headdress, and every thing about her, make one see immediately that it is a Sybill.

No one ever saw in any Picture, an Expression more natural and strong of a profound Reverie, than this which GUIDO has represented in the Features of this Woman. Her Soul all retired within it self, by the Force of her Application, seems to have attracted, in that Depth in which it is plunged, all the Blood and Spirits of the external Parts of the Body, which are left pale and languid. It seems as if this Soul
had

had quitted all present Objects, even of her own Body, to penetrate into those of Futurity; and the Air of this Sybill wears the Character of a Reverie quite different from that, by which one thinks on the past and present. She makes Efforts quite otherwise, great, to pierce that thick Darkness which envelopes all things future; for this she seems to do a kind of Violence to her self; and I know not what Air of Suffering, mixed with a profound Application, makes us sensible what the Discovery of obscure Futurity, which she would penetrate, costs her.

For my part, I find nothing more wonderful than this Character of Meditation, which GUIDO knew so well how to represent in this Picture. He must have certainly seen those who practise Divination force themselves to penetrate into Futurity, to know how to give an Air of like Efforts to any one's Face; for it is this Air which GUIDO has so wonderfully given to this Sybill. She meditates after a quite different Manner from that by which in Paintings we see Philosophers, even the most Meditative, making Researches after the Knowledge of Truths the most hidden and abstruse. The *Senecas*, the *Catos*, and the most learned Speculators among the Ancients, never meditated with such profound

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Thought

Thoughtfulness as GUIDO has given to this Prophetess. One plainly sees she searches after Truths after another manner hidden, than those that were the Subject of their Meditation. You would say she lifts up with a kind of Horror the dark Veils of future Events, which she discovers, and attains with Fear and Dread the Knowledge of the Time to come, into which she penetrates. She seems to tremble and look pale; for all this is divinely expressed in the Character of the Application and Meditation which GUIDO has made appear in the Face of this Sybill. What Genius is that of Painters, who employ themselves in finding out Expressions so studied and instructive!

A MADONNA.

By RAPHAEL SANZIO, *commonly called*
RAPHAEL URBIN.

THIS Picture, in the Judgment of all Connoisseurs, is the finest *Raphael* ever painted of this kind, tho' he made an Infinity of such beautiful MADONNAS; for these sort of Pictures seem to have been his favourite Pieces, and that he had a particular Inclination to draw them; no Painter ever drew so many; no Painter ever drew them so beautiful; and this certainly so far surpasses his other MADON-

NAS, as they do those of all other Painters.

There is nothing more simple than the Subject of this Picture; it is composed only of a Virgin, a little *Jesus*, a St. *John Baptist*, and a St. *Joseph*.

The Virgin holds the Infant *Jesus* by the Arm, and St. *John* approaches towards him to kiss him. *Raphael* has painted them at full length to make us see the Beauty of their Bodies entire, and never were seen two Childrens Bodies more beautiful and perfect than these; and one would be fully persuaded, having well considered them, that Nature had shewn her self quite naked to *Raphael*, and revealed to him all her Charms,] having known thus to paint her in such Perfection. Nay, I doubt much whether Nature her self be so beautiful as she appears to be in this Picture. *Raphael* certainly went much farther than her in this Work, and he has painted her according to the Idea he had of her, rather than according to what she is. Undoubtedly it is not from Nature that *Raphael* has drawn these excellent Expressions, which are more beautiful than her self; he must have drawn them from the Idea of the *Beautiful*, the primitive Source, which is only known to great Men, and whence they drew Expressions more or less perfect, in Proportion

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tion to the Force and Beauty of their Genius.

The Virgin is Grand and Majestick; she has an Air the most Noble that ever was, but accompanied with a charming Simplicity, which admirably well agrees with the Innocence of the two lovely Infants that are about her.

The Body of *St. John* is no less beautiful, nor finely proportion'd than that of *Jesus Christ*; but the Carnation is so different, that it is easy to know who is *Jesus* by his white and delicate Flesh.

Tho' *Jesus* suffers himself familiarly to be approach'd by Saint *John*, who comes to kiss him with the Simplicity of Children, who know not how to make any Distinction of Qualities, he preserves nevertheless, in that accessible Goodness, I know not what serious Gravity, which truly makes him appear a Sovereign receiving the Homage of one of his Subjects. And tho' Saint *John* comes to him with such a familiar Action as that of kissing is, this Action is so modest, and so full of Respect, that one plainly sees that he is, at most, but a Favourite, who only makes use of it with that Liberty, because he is thus authoriz'd by the Bounty of his Master.

I shall say no more, but that the Colouring of this Piece is so beautiful and fine,
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that from the great Distance one looks at it, it charms the Eyes, without even distinguishing the Subject, by the bare Beauty of its Colours.

A VENUS,

In the Gallery of the Palace of the
Constable COLONNA.

*Painted by PAUL CALIARI, commonly
called PAULO VERONESE, Native of
VERONA.*

IT is impossible to see any Woman that has more exquisite Charms than this *Venus*: She has, besides, that Air of Youth, on which Play sits so well; for she actually plays with *Cupid* her Son, who would take something from her that she has in her Hand, and which she holds up lest he should do so. He stands on Tiptoe, and extends his Arm with all his Force to snatch away what she will not let him, and this natural Action is beyond all Expression; those little Efforts which he in vain makes use of, have in them something, I know not what, of Childishness, which is very enchanting, and gives a wonderful Grace to his little Body, the
best

best form'd that ever was. One would almost think one heard his Murmurs and Complaints; and that *Venus*, who takes a Pleasure in it, laughs at his vain Efforts, and little Complaints, after a Manner the most natural and graceful in the World.

As for my part, the more I consider this Picture, the more I am persuaded that the Examination of the Works of PAULO VERONESE, makes us evidently know the Justice of those Praises which are given this excellent Painter, when we are told that his Execution was firm and sure: That no one ever equall'd him for Easiness and Mastership of the Pencil: That the Attitudes and the Actions of his Figures are so simple and so easy, so commodious and so natural, and that the Colours are employ'd in his Works with a Practice so free and so easy, that it seems as if all things therein were made of themselves, and without any Pain: That he understood local Colours as well as those of his Profession, who excelled in that part of Painting: That he designed Womens Bodies with a singular Elegance: That his Heads participate of the *Grand* and *Noble*: That no Works are more thoroughly wrought than his, and more studied as to the Touches either in Light or Shade: And that in short, the broken Colours he has employ'd so properly

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ly through the whole, give so perfect a Union to the others, that the Harmony and Agreement of all together, is what charms and enchants the Eye. But I can by no means comprehend the Motives of those who reproach him, that his Expressions have nothing fine in them, and that he has but ill touched the Character of the Passions, which may easily be answered by the simple View of these two Figures only.





CH A P. IX.

A S T A T U E.

Which some say represents POPPÆA, and others AGRIPPINA, in the Gardens of FARNESE, on Mount Palatine.

And the FAUNE.

A Statue in the Palace BARBARINI.

Both Antiques.



SOME Antiquaries say that this Statue of a Woman, who is in such deep Thought and Meditation in the Gardens of *Farnese*, on Mount *Palatine*, is the famous *Poppæa*, which appears to me to be no ways likely, *Tacitus*, in

his Annals * speaking of *Poppæa* as the most beautiful Woman of her Time; and this has much more the Features of a Man than a Woman. Others will have it to be *AGRIPPINA*: But be that as it will, it is certain there is not any Statue in *Rome* fuller of Life than this.

This Woman thinks, but one perceives that her Thoughts, if I may be permitted the Term, go even to the lowest Depth of fathoming the Thing she applies her self to; it is a Reverie the most profound, to which she is entirely abandoned; she is possessed with one of those powerful Reflections which take up the Soul, and separate it from all the Sensations of the Body; and in which we are insensible to the Action of all the Objects that surround us, we understand no more what is said to us, we even see not what we look at, and our Body acts no more than like a mere Machine.

This profound Reverie is not only expressed by the Features of her Face, and the Air which the Sculptor has given this Statue, but even by the Posture of her whole Body; so that were the Head taken away, one would yet know after a very sensible

* Annal. c. 13 c. 4.

Manner, that this Woman is in a profound Reverie by her Attitude only.

The Reverend Father *Mabillon* says in his Voyage of *Italy*, that the Air of this Woman is *wonderfully composed to Sadness* *: but perhaps this great Man, who apply'd himself in *Rome* to things of greater Importance, only saw this kind of Curiositys *en passant*, and I am fully persuaded, if he had sufficiently examin'd this Statue, he would have been convinc'd that the Expression does not come up to *Sadness*, and that it is only a Reverie, but a Reverie the most profound that ever was seen: And as the Antients not only made Statues of Men and Women, but even of Virtues, Passions, Actions, and the very Sentiments of the Soul; such as Chastity, Honour, Concord, conjugal Society and Fidelity; so it may very well be that they made this to represent Reverie, under the Figure of a Woman.

But be that as it will, there is nothing more natural than her Air and Attitude; the more one looks at her, the less does she appear a Statue; the more one is attent to consider her, the more seems she a real Person in profound Reverie: No modern Sta-

* Mire ad tristitiam composita.

tue has in it so much Life and Nature; nor do I know whether the FAUNE in the Palace *Barberini* can compare with it.

This Faune is represented sleeping in an agreeable and peaceful Sleep; one cannot help looking at it; nothing in the World is finer, nothing more natural; or rather it is Nature her self, all living as she is, that one sees in this Statue; those fine ones of Antiquity are only so on this Account; that which makes them so much admired, is very often only a Posture, a Gesture, a Natural; but so natural, that Nature her self is not more so: One should, if I may say so, see her naked, to view those Airs so delicate, those Lineaments so fine, and those Veins so natural; a middling Genius thinks not of this, he is ever seeking somewhat, I know not how guided in every thing he does; only great Men know how to find out these, and when they have bestowed them upon their Works, the Marble is no more Marble, a Statue is no more a Statue, it is Flesh, it is a Man, a Person that lives and breathes.

In short, I shall not be afraid to say, that there is not in *Rome* any Statue comparable to these two for the Force of Expression, in a Subject in which it is so difficult to make it appear.

Others generally represent one shining Action, or ardent Passion; this is not very hard to express: But is there any thing more simple than Sleep and Reverie? and in this respect, in my Opinion, these two Statues surpass them without any Comparison; since Sleep, which is an Image of Death, and Reverie, which is a Species of Suspension of Life, are there however, more naturally expressed than the most sprightly Actions, and the most violent Passions are in all the other Statues.



PIECES OF SCULPTURE
IN
THE PALACE FARNESE.

A F L O R A,

An Antique Statue.

THERE is no Draperie of any other Statue whatsoever, but compared with this of *Flora*, seems harsh and coarse; and most certainly it is more difficult than one thinks to make Draperie so fine and delicate as this is.

The Moderns generally fall into one of these two Faults; either their Draperie is too gross, and hinders the View of the Body, or else to shew the Body, they make it after such a Manner, as if there was no Draperie at all, but one saw the very Parts of the Body themselves.

All the Art consists in making these after such a Manner that they may nevertheless seem covered; and to cover them so that one may yet very well see them thro' this Coverture.

This is what the expert Sculptors of Antiquity were admirably well acquainted with; and it is a hard Matter to find any of the Moderns, who to avoid one Excess do not generally fall into the other: For some to hinder their Figures from appearing rather naked than lightly cloathed, make their Draperie so thick that one cannot see any of the Body through it; and others on the contrary, to make the Body appear, so rarify it, that it is quite nothing at all, so that in Reality one sees nothing but the naked Body it self.

Not one of these Faults is to be seen in this Statue of *Flora*; her Cloaths do not hinder but one may see her whole Body; and yet it is a Body entirely, cloathed from Head to Foot.

But

But the Easiness of this Statue is no less wonderful than the Delicacy of its Drapery; our finest Dancers do not appear so easy and disengag'd in dancing as this *Flora* does in walking; she does not rest upon the Basis, she only just sets one of her light Feet upon it, which it hardly touches; she does nothing but make the Earth bloom and flourish, and moves over its Surface with an Agility like that of gentle *Zephyrs*; the more one looks at her, the less appears she fixed; she seems rather to fly than walk; and what is most surprizing is, that this Statue is much larger than the Life; for it is no difficult Matter to give such a Delicacy to a small Figure, but to a Mass of Marble so large and so heavy as this must have been, out of which this *Flora* was formed, is certainly a Master-piece of the greatest Artists: However, it is as certain that there is no small Statue in the World that has in it so much Easiness, and is so much disengag'd as this.

HERCULES,

AN ANTIQUE STATUE.

By GLICON THE ATHENIAN.

THIS Statue, without being gigantic, or like a *Colossus*, represents *Hercules* as a Man the most robust that ever was; and that only by the Muscles which the Sculptor has made appear thro' his whole Body.

But what is very wonderful, this Design being to represent a Hero exhausted thro' Fatigue after all his Labours, he so well knew how to shew us, in the same Figure, a Prodigy of Strength and Weakness both together.

Strength appears there surprizing, and capable of all what Fable has made prodigious in that Demi-god; for it is impossible to see a Body more nervous and muscular; the Statuary, by the Largeness and great Number of these Muscles, has expressed that prodigious Strength and Weakness by the Nature and Situation of these Muscles; which tho' great and large, appear nevertheless void of Spirits, and are all inclined, according to the Impression of a

Body,

Body, which the whole fatigu'd Mass bears upon one Foot, which supports all its weight, together with the Club on which *Hercules* lets himself fall in order to rest himself upon it: So that never was seen a Man more strong and more weak at the same time.

This Body is the most robust and full of Muscles as ever was known; but these Muscles are every one of them the most relaxed as can be, and the Attitude the most abated that ever was figured out; so that the more one examines this Statue, the more one is in doubt whether the Sculptor had an Intention to make it a Symbol of Strength, or an Image of Weakness, as having at the same time expressed both.

It is a Strength, but such a Strength which extends it self thro' the whole; and such a Weakness, that thro' it one discovers the Foundations of the most prodigious Strength in the World.

It is Vigour it self, but a Vigour dying and expiring; it is the last Agony, but such an Agony, in which one sees the Remains of an indefatigable Strength and Force.

These Muscles and Nerves are wonderfully large, but quite exhausted: Here is seen an Abatement of Spirits, which tends to an utter Defaillance, but in a Body the most vigorous that ever was: In short, it

is a Power which can do no more; and such an exhausting that has in it somewhat terrible and frightful at the same time; for all these Ideas awaken themselves in every attentive Mind at the Sight of this Masterpiece of Sculpture.

THE BULL.

An Antique Groupe.

THIS famous Piece is composed of two Men, two Women, a Child, and a Bull; these six Figures are larger than the Life, and distant one from another, tho' cut out of the same Piece of Marble.

It is certainly the greatest Piece of Rarity of its kind in the World, and it must have been an entire Mountain to form a Groupe of such Immensity.

However, the least Bit of Marble is there managed with all the Art and Industry possible; the Sculptor having made here a Dog, there a Serpent; on one side a Basket, on the other Flowers, with such a fine Oeconomy and Disposition of the Matter, as is no less wonderful than the Work and Labour of the Chissel.

One would otherwise admire the beautiful and lively Expressions of all the Figures,

gures, the surprizing Force of the resisting Bull, that of the Man, who would turn about and make him hold down his Head that he might put a Rope about his Horns, the Despair of the Woman tied to this Bull, and who sees her Body a Prey to the Fury of that impetuous Animal which is going to be torn into a thousand Pieces. The Beauty of this Body, the Charms of which enchant us in spite of its Disorder on Account of her Resistance, and the Efforts of the Executioners who bind her; for it seems the Sculptor, more nearly to touch the Spectator at the Sight of the miserable Condition she is in, has taken care to make her look yet more beautiful than wretched: One would admire, I say, all these things in any other Piece; but in this the Singularity of the Groupe is something so prodigious, that all our Admiration is taken up on that.





CH A P. X

PIECES OF PAINTING

IN THE LITTLE FARNESE.

THE HISTORY OF THE FABULOUS
ADVENTURES OF PSYCHE.

PAINTED BY RAPHAEL URBIN.

In the great Hall of the Palace.

HIS Hall is certainly the most celebrated Theatre of the Glory of the great *Raphael Urbin*, since there is no place in the World where he has done things so grand and magnificent, and in the same Space.

The Council of the Gods, held upon the Occasion of the Marriage of *Psyche*, and the Banquet for her Wedding in two Pieces, in Imitation of Tapistry, fill all the Ceiling of that spacious Hall.

These

65 *fabulous Adventures of* PSYCHE.

These are two Pieces of a Composition the most Grand, of the greatest Extent, and the finest Contrivance that ever was. And I appeal boldly to all Judges to declare, if Fame has not been sincere in publishing this Truth over the whole World, with a hundred different Mouths; that no Painter ever had a greater Elevation of Genius, greater Fertility and Richness in his Inventions, more Grandeur in his Ideas than *Raphael Urbin*; that no Person equalled him for Strength of Judgment in the Choice of his Subjects, for the Magnificence of his Compositions, and for a sage Conduct in the Disposition of Figures: That *here* his Attitudes are the most noble and most natural, his Expressions the finest and most picquante, and his Pencil the most light and flowing, and the most delicate that ever was; *there*, that no Painter ever had a Design more graceful, where he had more Spirit, more Character, and where the Correction of the Antique was so well joined to Truth, and the Simplicity of Nature: That all his Figures have the Majesty of the finest Statues left us by the *Greeks* and *Romans*; that nothing escaped him that might serve to the Embellishment of his Works; that for the Greatness of Manner, and grand Gusto, he surpasses all others. In short,
that

66 *The COUNCIL of the GODS.*

that for Grace and Beauty, that precious Gift of Nature, no one was ever so much favour'd with as himself, not excepting even *Coregio*, whose greatest Merit however is founded upon that Talent: We must enter that Palace, and then shall one be satisfied that there is not one of these Encomiums, but what is just and equitable.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

THIS Piece of *Fresco* is composed of sixteen or seventeen Figures, which represent all the Gods and Goddeses in an Assembly, where *Cupid* comes to ask leave to marry *Psyche*, and where *Venus* being enraged that her Son should go to wed a Mortal, answers his Reasons, and opposes his Demand.

Every God and Goddess may be immediately known by the Symbols with which *Raphael* has characterised them: *Jupiter*, has his Thunder; *Neptune*, his Trident; *Pluto*, a black Fork, which serves him for a Scepter; *Juno*, her Peacock; *Pallas*, her Launce and Helmet; *Diana*, her silver Crescent; *Mars*, his Arms; *Apollo*, his Lyre; *Bacchus*, his Grapes and Vine-leaves with which he is crown'd; *Hercules*, his Club and Lyon's-Skin; *Vulcan*, his

The COUNCIL of the GODS. 67

his Pinces; *Janus*, his two Faces; and *Mercury*, his Caduceus.

Frame to your self what could be conceived most Grand in the famous Tribunal of *Areopagus*, the Senate of ancient *Rome*, and the Councils of the wisest Men in the World assembled together in a Body, to decide the most important Affairs of the Universe: *Raphael* has soared higher than all this, and his Council of the Gods has in it yet something more Grand and August: For what Majesty is Painted in those ancient Visages of the three Brother Gods, *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*? It is here that they appear the true Masters of Heaven, Earth and Hell, and are the finest and most finished Heads in the World.

The Goddesses appear with all the Grandeur of their Character; but *Venus* outshines them all, and her Majesty, Air, and Action shew, at first view, that she is one of the principal Persons of the Piece.

On the other Hand, *Cupid*, whose innocent Attractives have so much the more Force as they are purely natural, presents himself to the Gods with such a Grace, and conjures them to put an end to his Miseries, with an Air so tenderly moving, that it seems impossible they should refuse him the Succour he implores:
They

68 *The COUNCIL of the GODS.*

They deliberate however upon it, but in a very different Manner from each other, *Jupiter* thinks; and tho' he is not insensible to the Charms of *Venus*, yet more touched with Pity to the Son, seems ready to grant his Request, being not able to resist the Prayers of so lovely a Child.

Neptune reflects seriously on *Cupid's* Demand, and deliberates like a Deity, more free and less sensible than *Jupiter*.

As to *Pluto*, he deliberates with an Air altogether fierce, suitable to the Character of the God of Hell; he makes, on this Request, profound Reflections, he looks upon the Thing as a capital Affair, and appears sensible to the Charms neither of *Venus* or her Son: All the Persons of this numerous Assembly think, reflect, meditate, nothing could be more animated, more lively, more thoughtful; they are the very Soul, Life and thoughts themselves that are here painted, and put into Bodies by the Help of Colours, or rather by the Genius of the divine *Raphael*; what do I say? In looking upon this Piece of Painting, I think I see Bodies not so much speak, act, and move, as Souls and Minds think, reflect, and deliberate.

THE BANQUET AT PSYCHE'S WEDDING,

And her other Adventures.

RAPHAEL supposing that the Gods had granted *Cupid's* Request, and that they had made *Psyche* a Goddess, that he might marry her with no Diminution of his Divinity, represents in this Piece the Festival which was kept in Joy of those happy Nuptials.

There are at least thirty Figures in this Piece, but all separated one from another, and all things so well distributed, that one equally sees what every one of them thinks and does, and to what Employment the Painter has designed them.

The Grandeur and Majesty of the Guests no ways hinder that agreeable Liberty that reigns in a Repast: The Gods and Goddesses are very merry (as having, if I may use the Expression, thrown by their Divinity) with those natural Sentiments of Mortals. Some are busied in good eating, others please themselves in conversing; these join in Love and good Cheer; and those give themselves up to those agreeable Illusions, with which the Vapours of
Wine

Wine entertain the Brain; the Expressions of these several Characters are of a surprizing Force and Truth.

The Gods most advanc'd in Age, in whom the Cold of old Age moderates the Fire of Wine, shew rather a kind of Reverie than Gayety. Those of a middle Age, who are warm'd and animated by good Cheer, seem as if they would recal their Youth and Vigour; and the young Gods and Goddesses, such as *Cupid* and *Psyche*, in whom the Sallies of Love are joined with the Fumes of Wine, full of Ardour and Vivacity shew themselves in passionate Attitudes and Transports all on Fire.

Who could describe the Agility of *Venus* who dance, the Beauty of those Children that wait, the agreeable Air with which the Hours and Graces scatter the Flowers by handfuls, and Perfumes in full Vessels, the Enjoyment of the Gods, the Playings of the little winged Amorets, and the Grace and Beauty of the Graces themselves?

But nothing appears to me more wonderful than the Manner in which *Raphael* has expressed the different Conditions of the Guests, and those who serve them. Those at Table with shining Faces, sparkling Eyes, appear however half asleep, and in a Manner the most indolent in the World,
without

without much Thought, or minding what they say or hear; while the Hours and Graces who scatter Flowers and Perfumes, the Boys that serve up the Meat, and other Servants, in an Attitude serious and employ'd, have a cold and quiet Air, the Eyes calm and soft, a Countenance compos'd and attentive; the Diversity of these Expressions make the most beautiful Contraste that ever was seen in any Piece of Painting.

The Frise of this Hall, and the cross Angles, are full of the like Masterpieces of *Raphael* and his Scholars. One sees there all the Adventures of *Psyche* persecuted by *Venus*, and all the Triumphs of Love upon every one of the Gods in particular. They are the finest Bodies in the World, the Carnations most fresh and lively, the Attitudes most grand and expressive; so that by lifting up one's Head to the Ceiling of this wonderful Hall, one sees, at first Sight, all that Heaven, in the Opinion of the Antients, ever contained most beautiful and grand.

A GALATEA,

*And other Pictures of Raphael in the
Gallery of the same Palace.*

THE Body of this Woman is the best that ever *Raphael* painted; the Colours are of a charming Elegance and Sweetness, and one may very well place it on a Level with the *Venus* of the *Medicis*, which is the most perfect that ever was in the World.

The Grace with which she holds the Reins of the Dolphins that draw her Chariot; her easy and natural Air, and the Lightness with which she rolls over the Waves, are things that one must see, but know not how to describe.

The Nereids and Tritons that follow her have that beautiful Natural, those graceful Attitudes, and that Air of Life which one knows is peculiar to the Pencil of *Raphael*; but to say true, tho' there is not one of these Figures which is not wonderful in it self, that of *Galatea* so much surpasses them,

them, that all the Demi-Gods and Demi-Goddesſes appear, in Compariſon of this Nymph, mere Mortals.

All the other Pieces on the Ceiling of this Gallery, were painted from the Deſigns of *Raphael*, by his beſt Scholars, and they are as ſo many Maſter-pieces, and one ſcarce ſees any thing even at *Rome* ſo beautiful.

Though the moſt beautiful, for Example, and the moſt ingeniouſly invented, is that of the Year; which under the Figure of a Woman, drives a Car drawn by a red Ox, and an Aſh-coloured Buffalo, which repreſent the Sun and Moon; the Action of this Woman, who lets looſe the Reins to theſe two Animals, and guides them by her Eye, is very natural, and of a wonderful Guſto; and the Life of this Ox and Buffalo is beyond all Expreſſion.

Fame flying in the middle of the Air, is alſo an excellent Piece; even to the little Genii of *Stucco*, upon a black Ground, all is divine, there is no Body but what believes them to be in Relievo: However, every Body is deceived, eſpecially in reſpect to thoſe that are upon the Friſe on the Garden ſide: And it is a thing much to the Honour of *Raphael Urbin*, that his Diſci-

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ples working upon his Designs, have made such Pieces as they are, in the Judgment of all the World, of a Perfection and Beauty, to which ordinary Painters never could attain, and the greatest Masters never surpassed.





CH A P. XI.

CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

A Picture in the Church of St. *Francis
alla Ripa.*

By ANNIBAL CARACCI.



Don't believe that in this Picture, which passes for one of the finest that ever *Caracci* painted, one can admire any thing more than the Lines and divine Characters which appear on the Face of JESUS CHRIST; for to diffuse the Expression of Divinity upon the Face of a living Man, is ever a most difficult thing, and is only the Task of a Genius of the first Order; but to make that Image shine in a Manner yet more lively on the pale Visage of one that is dead, is the utmost Effort of the greatest Genius in the World for Painting; and

E 2

this

76 CHRIST *taken from the* CROSS.

this is a Master-piece of the great *Caracci* in the CHRIST of this Picture.

The Body of this CHRIST is perhaps the most beautiful and most perfect Body that ever was painted; one sees here a tender, soft, flowing Pencil, Colours imperceptibly blended together, a charming Sweetness; never was a living Man so beautiful as this dead CHRIST.

The holy Virgin, and *Magdalene*, who are also painted in this Piece, have an infinite Majesty; the Grief of both equally great, but yet of a quite different Nature.

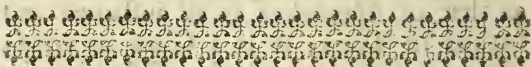
That of the holy Virgin is a Mother's Grief, which drowns the Soul, choaks up the Heart, stops the Passage of Sighs, and keeps all the Humours lockt up, without permitting so much as one Drop to reach the Eyes; it is such a profound and inward Grief that takes away the Power of Speech, and has not the Comfort of Complaints and Tears; a Sorrow which perfectly well agrees to the best of Mothers oppressed with the Death of the most dear and best beloved Son that ever was.

The Grief of *Magdalene* is also very great, but of a quite different Character: It is the Grief of a wailing Lover, which displays it self in Cries and Transports: The interiour Grief of the holy Virgin appears

pears by her Face all pale and dry; whereas that of *Magdalene* is all inflamed and bathed in Tears; it is a Grief as equal, but more free, and which, assisted by the Forces of Nature in a very young Person, comforts it self by Tears, which stream down in Abundance.

In short, there is nothing but what is grand and noble in this Picture; and no Piece of Painting was better understood either in Relation to the Disposition and Ordering of the Figures, the Expression of the Passions, or the Distribution of Light and Shade.





C H A P. XII.

F R E S C A T I.

FR E S C A T I is the antient *Tusculum* of the *Latins*, or at least the Suburbs of *Tusculum* came to the Place where now *Frescati* is.

This agreeable Place, all sown with Houses of Pleasure of the greatest Lords of *Rome*, is on one side of a delicious Mountain, form'd out of a great many little Hills, by which one insensibly ascends from one to another. Here on the other side terminates the Campania of *Rome*, which makes *Frescati* yet more beautiful than it is; for this Campania lies uncultivated, dark, and dry; so that after one meets with Trees and Water, Cool and Shade, one finds *Frescati* more charming by half than otherwise one should.

There you have before you the whole Campania of *Rome*, which indeed is very ugly; but at the end of it one sees *Rome* somewhat after the same Manner as one sees
Paris

Paris from *Meudon*; and on the left Hand one sees the *Mediterranean* Sea, which commonly is covered with Barks. These are the general Beauties of *Frescati*: * Come we now to Particulars.

THE GIRANDOLA,

AND

THE HALL of APOLLO AND THE MUSES,

In the Villa of BELVEDERE.

THE finest thing one sees at *Belvedere* of Water-works is the *Girandola*; the Water of which comes out of its Pipe with such Violence and great Quantity, that it turns into Foam, and breaks into a Million of Pieces; it is incredible to think to what a vast Height it throws the Water, which falls down again like Hail; and the Air, by means of these subterranean Pipes, issuing out along with the *Girandola*, makes a Noise which so perfectly imitates Thunder, that one would

* *Frescati*, as I take it, is about fifteen Miles from *Rome*.

think it thunder'd indeed, and hailed at the same time, and that a real Storm had burst the Clouds.

The Grotto where all this is, is called *Enceladus*, because you see an *Enceladus* bearing the World upon his Shoulders.

Not far off this Grotto, is the Hall of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, where there is an Organ which plays by means of artificial Wind and Water. The Wind makes the Pipes sound, and the Water turns the Wheels which press the Keys: On this you hear Musick in two Parts, the best perform'd in the World, as to time, with all the Propriety and Exactness of the best Masters.

THE GIRANDOLA.

In the Villa of the Duke de Gadagnola.

THIS *Girandola* imitates perfectly those *Girandas* of Fire that one sees upon rejoicing Days in *Italy*; for at the same time that the Water in mounting forms a Body streaming out into an Infinity of Divisions, like the Fuzees of those kind of Fireworks; the artificial Wind issues out with the Water from the same Pipe, and makes a Noise like Rockets;
and

and as at *Belvedere* one would imagine it was Thunder, so here you would think it the Noise of so many Rockets, and other kinds of Wildfire bursting in the Air.





C H A P. XIII.

A ST. JEROM,

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. JEROM, NEAR
THE PALACE FARNESE.*By Domenichino.*

HIS Picture is seventeen Palms high, and eleven broad, and the Figures are as large as the Life.

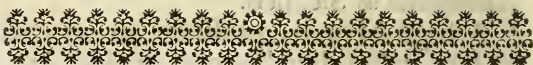
Never any Mortal appear'd vested with more respectful Characters than those which *Domenichino* has given this *St. Jerom*. He is an old Man, to whom a long Series of Years has left nothing more than one Blast of Life; a poor naked Man reduced to a Grotto, where he is despoiled of all things; but the Painter has given him so much Dignity, that there is no kind of Respect which he does not inspire by that great and venerable Air which he keeps even in the very Ruins of a Body all broken with

with old Age, and as much decayed by Austerities as Sickneſs.

A Sage Matron, proſtrate on one ſide of him, takes humbly one of his Arms that ſhe might kiſs his Hand with Reſpect; this Action alone raiſes the Condition of this holy Prieſt, all poor as he is, above all human Magnificence; and makes us ſee that he loſes nothing of his Grandeur, nor the Veneration one gives him, even by the greateſt Poverty to which one ſees him reduc'd.

In ſhort, we may be aſſured that *Domenichino* elevated his Thoughts and Imagination to the Sublime in this Picture, and that this Piece is nothing inferior to thoſe of the great *Raphael Urbin*, neither for Expression of the Subject in general, nor for thoſe of the Figures in particular; the Guſto and Correctneſs of the Deſign, the Simplicity and Variety of the Airs of Heads, nor even, I ſhall ſpeak a bold Word, for a noble Grace and Beauty.





CHAP. XIV.

THE THREE CHILDREN,

OR,

THE SEASONS.

An Antique Groupe in the Palace Justiniani.



THESE three Children are cut out of the same Piece of Marble, but Marble so white, that one would take it for Alabaster, if it had not a wonderful Polish, which the finest Alabaster is not capable of receiving.

They lie in a Basin of black Marble, which makes their Whiteness still appear to the greater Advantage.

They are all three naked; and the Sculptor, by the different Attitude he has given them, design'd to represent the three different Times or Seasons of the Year.

The THREE CHILDREN, &c. 85

One lies extended on his Back, with Arms and Legs spread out, as Children may be when they die with Heat, and represents Summer.

The second is crouch'd up together, having his Head and Knees close to his Stomach, and creeping as near as he can to the other two to warm himself, and represents Winter.

The third, in short, which represents Autumn and the Spring, has his Limbs less extended than the first, and less contracted than the second, having neither too much Cold nor Heat, but keeps the Middle between the two Extremes.

These three little Bodies seem to give way to each other in their Contact like true Flesh; and there is not in all *Rome*, a finer Groupe of a more curious Invention, or a Work more finisht.

JESUS CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

A PICTURE IN THE SAME PALACE.

By Titian Vecelli, commonly called
TITIAN.

JESUS CHRIST is here represented in this Picture before *Pilate*, as a Person accused of a Crime before his Judge. *Pilate* interrogates him; and for the Attitude of a Man who questions, nothing could be more lively expressed.

As to JESUS CHRIST, *Titian* has really given him the Air of a Prisoner, but it is the Air of a Prisoner that is conscious he is guilty of nothing: He has the Modesty of a Suppliant before his Judge; but he has at the same time the Countenance of a Man who has nothing to fear from the most severe Justice.

He is bound and manacled as a Criminal and guilty Person, and with all that, he imprints Respect even in his Judge, inasmuch as he discovers through all his Person, the Characters not only of the most just and most innocent of all Men, but
even

even of the Author of Innocence it self and Justice.

I shall say no more, but that the Colouring of this Picture is of a Gusto so excellent, that *Titian*, who seems to have been produc'd by Nature, to shew to what Point this part of Painting might be carried, has not made Strength and Beauty shine with greater Lustre than in this Picture.

The Carnations are fresh, vigorous, and sanguine, but so pure, as that they are accompanied with that Force and Strength which make them natural.

In some places one sees that Eclat and Vivacity of Colours, the Choice of which is so flaming, and yet so neat and delicate: And in others that Diminution of them, which the Interposition of the Air is the Cause of; and this judicious Attenuation of Light and Shade, only capable to produce the various Degrees of Distance, which draw to us or keep back every part of a Picture, which brings towards us what ought to approach us, and keeps off that which should retire; which gives such a Roundness to Bodies, and makes their Colours and Extremities loose themselves after such an insensible Manner, that one imagines to see in these Figures so well loosned,

88 JESUS CHRIST *before* PILATE.

(if I may so say) from their Ground * even what is behind them, and that the Eye surveys them round; and in a Word, the most charming Effects of this wonderful Performance of any Perspective, which it possesses as well as the lineal.

One sees here that agreeable Contraste, in the middle of which he has so judiciously preserved the Union and Harmony of Colours.

Those they call local are here chosen out with a Fidelity peculiar to a great Master, but so delicate and imperceptibly united, that nothing but his free, ready, and flowing Pencil could produce.

The Oppositions are strong, yet sweet, and the Touches so rich and full of Spirit, and with that so conformable to the Character of the Objects, that the soft Harmony and charming Concert which results from them, makes every Judge own that no one ever penetrated with greater Success the very Essence of Painting, and the Mysteries of that divine Art than he.

* Sic enim definire debet extremitas ut promittat alia post se, ostendatque post se, ostendatque etiam quæ occultat, Plin: l. 35. c. 10.



CHAP. XV.

A SATYRE.

AN ANTIQUE STATUE,

IN THE VILLA LUDIVISIO.



EVER Satyre alive, (if it be true that there is any such thing) was a more Satyre than this; it is the most lively and most beautiful Expression that ever was produced by the Genius of Man; the Eyes, the Imagination, the Soul, every thing is affected with the View of this Satyre, and there is such a Life and Spirit in this Work, that makes it even surpass Nature it self.

All that one can conjecture from the Physiognomy and Wiles of an old Fox, the Malice of an old Ape, the Petulance of a Satyre, is all lively expressed in the Air of this; firm on his Legs, tho' slender, he shews himself with a bold Readiness, braving, with his Body half a Goat, Mankind, whom he seems to insult with his Air full of a gay Impudence: You would say he has just left his Cave to catch some travelling Nymph; and that being sure of his Snares, which he knows well how to spread, he does not doubt of Success.

For my part, I am persuaded that the Ancients have seen real Satyres, of which they have drawn and transmitted down to us such beautiful Images; it is not surprising that the Brutality of Men should beget such sort of Monsters in Pagan times: Besides, whence could come a Design of making an Animal half Man, half Goat? Could such an Idea ever enter the Imagination, if one had never seen its Semblance in Nature? However, one sees an Infinity of those Satyrs made by the Antients.



CHAP. XVI.

A MADONNA.

A PICTURE OVER ONE OF THE ALTARS OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE.

By GUIDO RENI.



THIS Picture is only a Copy, but by the same Hand, and so exact, that one cannot well tell which is the Original: However, one may judge by this Copy, that it is less an Image of the holy Virgin, than an Expression of the Delicacy of the Painter who drew it.

The Hands of the holy Virgin are the most beautiful **GUIDO** ever made, and the Manner of her holding the Linnen in which the little **JESUS** sleeps, puts the Beauty of those Hands into its greatest Light.

I shall

I shall say no more, but how valuable soever the Representation of that august Depositum which that Linen contains may be, the delicate Air with which the holy Virgin holds it, makes it yet more valuable.

In a Word, one cannot here too much admire the wonderful Talent that excellent Painter had, for I know not what Tenderness in the Extremities where he design'd certain Parts; the Delicacy of which seems to have escap'd the Pencil of others.





CHAP. XVII.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

A PIECE OF PAINTING ON THE CEILING OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA TRASTEVERE.

By DOMENICHINO.



HIS Piece is one of those charming Pictures which please, at first View, both in respect of Colouring and Design.

The holy Virgin, with Eyes and Hands lifted up to Heaven, with an Action full of Ardour and Fire, seems rather to mount by the Force of her Desires, than by the Help of the Angels that raise her.

All the Faculties of her Soul seem reunited in her Eyes, and her Looks towards Heaven seem to separate this Soul from the
 I Body,

94 *The Assumption of the holy Virgin.*

Body, and transport it into the very Bosom of the Almighty.

I know not what Rays of a divine Splendor streaming over her Face and her whole Person, makes her Body already appear all celestial, glorious, and immortal: And tho' to see the Swiftneſs of Movement with which that Body is carried up, one would ſay that it retains nothing of its natural Gravity and Weight; it ſeems nevertheless, that her Soul, impatient to attain the Accompliſhment of her Glory, forces the Body to advance by thoſe Struggles more rapid than any corporal Movement whatſoever.

The little Angels which are at the Feet of the holy Virgin are of a ravishing Beauty; they are really Angels, and human Nature never produced any thing ſo beautiful. Beſides, all the Colours of this Piece are as freſh and lively as if but newly laid on; and methinks one ſees I know not what harmonious Vigour between them, that ſeems Proof againſt all the Changes and Alterations which Time brings to ſuch kinds of Workmanſhip.

C H A P. XVIII.

FAUSTINA THE YOUNGER,
AN ANTIQUE STATUE.*In the Villa Matthei.*

RELIGION.

A STATUE ON THE TOMB OF PAUL
THE THIRD, IN THE CHURCH OF
SAINT PETER IN THE VATICAN.*By WILLIAM DE LA PORTA*,*

A LOMBARD.

COMPARISON OF THESE TWO STATUES.



HE Statue of *Faustina* the young-
er, Wife to the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius* the Philosopher, is in
the Judgment of all Connoisseurs,
one of the most excellent Antiques at
Rome.

* He was Disciple to *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, he made this Statue according to the Design that was given him by the famous Poet *Annibal Caro.*

96 FAUSTINA *the* YOUNGER.

Faustina is hererepresented as one of the most beautiful Women in the World; she is large without being Masculine; of a fine Shape but not lean, and plump without being gross.

Imagine it to be a Body the best formed that ever was, wrapt in a Woman's Scarf over a Robe of Silk; for the Extremities of the Veil which covers *Faustina* from the Head to the middle of her Body fall over her Arms before, not unlike the Scarves Ladies now wear; this sort of Veil, only that it covers the Head, has much the same Air and Turn with these; and the rest of the Body is softly folded up in a long majestick Robe, which covers it after a noble and natural Manner.

Figure to your self, in short, the finest Body of the World thus cloathed not to shock Modesty, and drest in a Stuff so loose and fine as to discover all its Beauty; a Drapery which covers it from Head to Foot, and at the same time is so thin, as to let one see through it the Beauties of the Body; so that this Woman has all the Graces of Modesty, and the Charms of Nudity both together.

One cannot help admiring the Beauty that the Sculpture has lavisht out in her Air, and over her whole Person; these are modest Charms that are attractive and yet

yet fearful; more tender than brilliant; soft yet strong; lively without dazzling; penetrating, but without having any thing in them above what is Human.

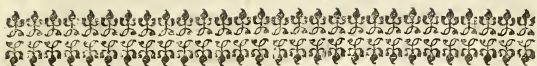
The Statue which represents Religion, at the Tomb of *Paul* the III. is of a Beauty quite opposite to this: For my part I cannot think there is, or ever was upon Earth a Woman so beautiful as this Statue; it is a Beauty, such as Imagination, which has Liberty to form Phantomes at Pleasure, might figure out; or rather such as the finest Genius can form, when it elevates its Ideas above Nature, which is ever defective; it enchants even it self in representing under charming Images, things so perfect as they might be, and less as they are, than as it could wish they were: But be this as it will, it is certain this Beauty is of a Character quite different from that of *Faustina*.

It is of a Woman all young, lively and brilliant, and of the greatest Splendour, which effaces all that approaches it, which dazzles, and ravishes; whereas *Faustina* has, for Attractives, only Sweetness, Tenderness and Modesty.

The Statue of Religion ravishes the Heart, without permitting it to deliberate; her imperious Beauty carries it rapidly away by all powerful Charms, which
F
nothing

nothing can resist. *Faustina*, on the contrary, lets us be sensible of the Pleasures one tastes on looking at her; the Eyes have liberty to reflect on all the Charms that engages them, and all the Graces with which they are enchanted; and this Beauty by more tempered Charms, but against which it is impossible to defend ones self, is more penetrative of the Soul, and more engaging to the Heart. In a Word, if one is to be captivated more with one than the other, it must be with *Faustina*. For if the other carries away the Heart, the Heart willingly delivers up .it self to this; and if we have greater Admiration for the former, we have greater Love for *Faustina*.





CHAP. XIX.

NIOBE AND HER CHILDREN.

AN ANTIQUE IN THE VILLA MEDICIS.

By PRAXITELES a Greek Sculptor.



WE shall not find in *Rome*, or in all *Italy*, or indeed in the World, so great a Number of excellent Statues, in so small a Compass as are these.

Every Body knows the Fable of NIOBE, her Vanity and Punishment; one may read the Description in *Ovid*, but no Description will ever form in the Mind an Idea like this, which the view of these precious Monuments of ancient Sculpture give us.

Here are fifteen Figures together, which represent *Niobe* and all her Children; some are wounded by the vengeful Arrows of *Apollo*, others already dead, extended on

the Ground; these here crouch down to avoid the fatal Shafts; some are flying away, others appear wounded; this expiring, and that already dead: And all this with Actions so lively, and in Attitudes so natural, that being amongst all these Figures, one of which is frightened, and another flies, one would no more think them Statues, but real Persons; so that one cannot help participating of their Sentiments; being seized with the same Affright and Terror, alarmed with their Alarms, and agitated with their several Movements.

The Situation of so many flying, frightened, dead, and dying Persons is wonderful; who in States and Actions so different, are nevertheless so well placed, that they do not any ways embarrass each other; and one may view them equally, either separately, or as forming all together a Groupe of Figures so judiciously disposed, that with a Cast of an Eye one may see the whole History as if it passed in our Presence.

Without entring into a Detail of this grand Work, which would be an endless Task, one may say in general, that the Sculptor has here excellently well expressed, even (if I may use the Term) the very Life of Death, and its Agonies in the several Persons that compose it; some of whom

whom are expiring, others dead, others not yet pierced with the mortal Arrows, the Terror of those that are frightned, the Unmoveableness of *Niobe* changed into Stone.

Nothing can have greater Agility than those who fly; and the fine Shape of *Niobe's* Daughters and their Posture in their Action of Flight makes them to the Eyes of the Spectators, appear like Air, and rather that they fly than run.

One sees, that perceiving the Danger, they would take a precipitate and hasty Flight, but that a chilling Fear stops and hinders them from running so fast as the Danger requires.

But in short, our Looks are fixed more attentively on petrified *Niobe*, and this excellent Piece engages all our Admiration; so much is it a Work beyond all one can say, and a Subject the most difficult in the World for the Expression: For if one wonders that a Statuary can give Life and Motion to a Stone, out of which he makes a Man, who by consequence must be a moving and animated Figure; I find it much more wonderful, and much more difficult to make, out of Stone, a Figure to represent both together, that is a real Person and Person petrified.

This is certainly the Masterpiece of Sculpture; and one may well think it is much more easy to make a Stone appear a Man free of Life, than to make a Man to appear at the same time both a real Man, and a real Stone; which yet must be to represent a Person petrified as *Niobe*; for the Sculptor must have so changed the Stone, that he worked upon, as to make it wear the semblance of a Woman; and afterwards so have changed this Woman, as to make her return again to Stone, and at last make her to be both together; that is, both a Woman and Stone, as she appears to be.

I shall only add, that this Statue is larger than the others, over whom she has even an Air of Rule and Dominion. She is placed on the highest Ground; all the other Figures seem to be made for her, and regard her as their Principal: Who has therefore an Air so Great, so Noble, and so full of Majesty, even in the utmost Grief and Despair, that *Latona* and every other Goddess, without Exception, even *Juno* herself, seem to yield to such a Mortal.

In short, nothing is more wonderful than all these excellent Statues, either considered separately in themselves, or in the
Relation

NIOBE *and her* CHILDREN. 103

Relation they bear each other, or what they have in general to *Niobe*.

What a vast Collection of Beauties and Masterpieces are had in the space of twenty or thirty Foot! This would be enough entirely to adorn and furnish a large Kingdom; however it is only the Ornament of a Corner of one Garden in *Rome*.





CHAP. XX.

AN EPITAPH

IN THE CHURCH OF THE MINERVA.

By CAVALIER BERNINI.



HIS Epitaph is an ingenious Caprice; whereas in all the other Works of *Bernini*, one sees the Elegance, the Nobleness, and I know not what Singularity and Novelty, the Off-spring of a Genius, that invents every thing; he makes and copies after no Body, quite the reverse from the generality of the Professors of his Art: This Epitaph fixed to one of the Pillars of the *Minerva*, is of this Character.

It is a large Piece of black Marble, out of which he has formed a large flowing Cloth, or rather a great Carpet knotted

ted up at Top, which in falling down forms a quantity of negligent Folds of such a large Size, as gives it an infinite Majesty. The Inscription is graved in Characters of Gold upon this black Marble; never was any thing invented more Noble for a single Epitaph: Thus in the very Caprices of great Men, one finds more Gusto and Genius than in the most studied Pieces of others.






CH A P. XXI.

THE FOUNTAIN DE MONTORIO.

By CAVALIER FONTANA AND
CARLO MADERNA.

HEN one looks at this proud *Fountain*, one is in doubt to which of the two one should give the Preference in relation to its Magnificence, either to that in the PIAZZA NAVONA, which we shall describe in the next place; or to this, which is an entire River, and runs out of five Mouths, in a kind of Portal or triumphant Arch; and this River being thus divided, it looks as if it were attended with two Torrents.

This Arch has five Gates, adorned with the most beautiful Colours of oriental Granite that can be seen; and is higher, larger, and more Grand than all the triumphant Arches that ever were.

The

The Torrents of Water by their continual Movement, and great Noise they make in their Fall, seem to animate this magnificent Piece of Architecture; no Work of this Extent, either Antique or Modern, ever had more Majesty and Grandeur; and for its Situation, nothing in the World could be more favourable, being upon *Montorio*, the Janiculum of the ancient *Romans*, which seems on that side to lord it over *Rome*; so that from all places on the other side the *Tyber* one sees this proud Work as a lofty Spectacle to every Eye.





C H A P. XXII.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE PIAZZA
NAVONA.

By CAVALIER BERNINI.



HIS is one of those modern Pieces that may be paralleled with the most beautiful Things the antient *Romans* made to adorn old *Rome*; and one may even doubt whether they ever did any thing so beautiful on the like Subject.

Genius, good Taste, Grandeur, are all there in this Work; and for a Fountain, never was form'd a Design so grand and magnificent.

Four Colossi of Marble represent the four greatest Rivers of the World, the *Ganges*, *Euphrates*, the *Nile*, and the *Danube*; these four Figures are of an admirable

ble Design, formed with an Art entirely singular, to figure out symbolically these Rivers; the *Nile* especially, which is known by his Crocodiles, is yet more ingeniously characterised by his Head surrounded and half covered with Flags and Reeds, which wonderfully figures out this River; the Source of which is not too well known.

These four Colossi lie stretched out at the four Corners of a Rock of Marble so rustick that it really looks like a Rock indeed.

Below these Rivers, through Passages made for that Purpose, issue out vast Quantities of Water, but after a very irregular Manner, and yet the most agreeable in the World, which makes the Rock appear yet much more natural, as well as the Water, which issues through Crevisses it seems it self to have made in the Rock for its Passage: These Streams of Water are so large, that one alone would be sufficient for a very great Fountain; however, there are four of them that flow with equal abundance.

The Rock is pierced on both sides, and hollowed so as to make a Cavern, the bottom of which is filled with Waters of the Fountains that are above.

A Lion of Marble drinks out of it on one side, and a Sea Horse leaps out on the other;

other; and these two Figures are two Master-pieces in their kind, as well as the four Colossal Statues.

The Sea Horse seems to shake himself as he comes out of the Water to advance himself from the Cavern, and launch himself out at length; so much Agility has he and Fire.

The Lion appears heated with Slaughter, and so greedy, as if he believed there was not Water enough there to quench his Thirst: He opens wide his Paws, extends his Breast in order to give more room to his Lungs, which seem as if they were going to drain the Basin and make the Cavern dry.

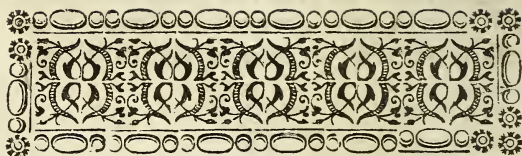
The Antients made use only of one Statue to represent a great River; here four Colossi serve for the Decoration of one only Fountain; what Magnificence! what Grandeur!

The Attitude of the River-Gods was uniform amongst the Antients: It was always an old Man with a long Beard leaning on an Urn, the Body lying down and extended: Here all is varied, and the four Statues have Attitudes quite different from each other.

In fine, the whole Work is as it were crown'd by an Obelisk, which being plac'd on the Top of the Rock, that serves as a Basis for a very high Pedestal; makes it
look

look like one of the greatest Obelisks of *Rome*; so that *Bernini* has displayed more Magnificence in this one piece of Architecture, than the greatest Architects knew how to shew in Works of the vastest Extent.





C H A P. XXIII.

THE GAMESTERS,

A PICTURE IN THE PALACE BARBERINI.

*By Michael Angelo Merigi, commonly
called Caravaggio, born at Caravaggio,
a Town in the Milanese.*



HERE are only three Figures in this Picture, two Shar-
pers, and a young Man very
simple, whom they rook out of
his Money.

Never was a silly Ninny better represent-
ed

ed than here in the Physiognomy of this young Man who suffers himself to be duped; nor a roguish Slynesh better painted than in the Face of the Gamester that cheats him.

There stands by him a second Sharper, who tho' he does not play, is of Confederacy with the other; he stands between the Players, and looking on the Cards of the Dupe, marks by his Fingers the Points of his Game to the other. This second Sharper is much older than he that plays, and has in his Wrinkles certain Airs of a Rogue, somewhat more crafty than the other; of a consummate Villain, a Rogue grown old in his Trade; an incorrigible arch Cheat, a Master Pick-pocket in Comparison of the other, who as sharp as he appears to be, is only a Villain in his Apprenticeship.

In a Word, all the Expressions of this Picture are so natural and so perfect, that one comprehends, at first Sight, the Genius, the Character, and the Actions of the Persons that compose it, and even a Child, without telling him any thing of the Subject, would plainly see it was a Fool cheated by a Couple of Sharpers.

To conclude; one sees in this Piece, as in all the others of *Caravaggio*, that Manner equally soft and strong, without any thing borrowed from other Painters; for he wonderfully

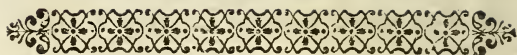
derfully joins a terrible Strength with an agreeable Sweetness; his Pencil is the strongest, and at the same time the most mellow that ever was.

His local Colours are well studied, his Lights and Shades distributed with all possible Understanding, thro' every one of his Objects in particular, and the whole in general; his excellent Dispositions well contrasted; his Compositions judiciously ranged, and in all their Propriety; his Manner of great Effect; his Work finished with the utmost Exactitude; and for what he has of the *Chiaroscuro*, he has pushed that Science so far in Practice, that even RUBENS, who in the Judgment of most People has carried it beyond all other Painters by his Capacity in that Respect, owns CARRAVAGGIO in this to have been his Master; so that nothing is more agreeable than that graceful Repose one finds on that Account in all his Works.

This Painter, without too much agitating or torturing his Colours, or destroying them as others do, by the Movement of his Pencil, knew how to unite them, and tenderly incorporate them together; and give by this means, such a prodigious Truth to his Objects, that he has, if one may say so, rendred them palpable,

palpable, and all the World must own, that Nature could never be better copied than she is painted in every thing he finished.





C H A P. XXIV.

St. PETER'S HEAD,

A PICTURE IN THE PALACE PAM-
FILIO.*By* ANNIBAL CARACCI.

IT is impossible to see a more lively and more perfect Expression of Contrition than that which *Caracci* has given this *St. Peter*, who is represented weeping for his Sin.

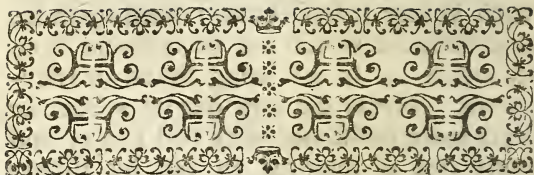
It is the most bitter Repentance, and most sorrowful Heart breaking in the World.

The Soul of this Apostle, all penetrated with Bitterness, appears in his contrite Visage, overwhelm'd more by that deep Sorrow which is there painted, than by the Tears which drown it.

These

These Tears are so true and so natural, that one could not make them more so with Water it self thrown fresh upon it; that Element would not be different from it, either as to its being liquid or transparent. Never did any one see a Face or Eyes more moistened with real Tears; and every one is tempted to put his Finger upon it to see whether he is deceived.





C H A P. XXV.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF St. PETER.

A PICTURE AT St. PAUL'S ALLA TRE
FONTANE OUT OF ROME.

By GUIDO RENI.



Hether it be the Strength of the Shades, or Time that has blackened the Ground of this Picture, there is not one in *Rome* where the Figures have so much Relief as there is in this; so that on looking upon it, one believes one sees real Executioners, who hold, nail, and crucify *St. Peter*, without any Picture; and because the Cloth is so black that it does
 † not

The CRUCIFIXION of St. PETER. 119

not appear, one imagines one sees nothing but the Bodies, with all their Roundness and Relief.

One of these Executioners places himself at the Head of the Cross, which is turn'd upside down, with a Hammer and a great Nail to drive thro' the Apostle's Feet, as soon as another who draws it up with a Cord shall have got it high enough; and the third holds up the Head and Shoulders to facilitate the Action of his Companion who draws the Rope.

At first View, one thinks the Blood leaves the Feet and Legs to fall into the Head which is downward, and the other Parts of the Body near it; the Skin of the Cranium and Face are all over red, the Neck and Stomach are also red, but withered, not so deep as that of the Head and Face, whither a greater Quantity of Blood descends.

On the other Hand, the Soles of the Feet are much whiter by several Degrees than the Legs, because the Blood sooner left them, and fell down much lower.

In fine, the Colours of white and red are distributed with a Proportion so judicious, that it seems as if the Redness of the Face encreased, and that the Legs grow more white and pale; and more and more so,

so, according to the Duration of the time one takes in looking at them.

To conclude ; if one did not know otherwise, that GUIDO did not obtain from Cardinal *Borghese* the Preference to other Painters who offer'd themselves to paint this Picture, but upon Condition that he should paint it after the Manner of *Carra-vaggio*, which pleased him then so well, it would be easily known by that strong and obscure Gusto that reigns thro' the whole, but which is throughout accompanied with that Nobleness and Grace which make the proper Character of GUIDO RENI.





C H A P. XXVI.

M O S E S.

A STATUE ON THE TOMB OF POPE
JULIUS THE SECOND, IN THE CHURCH
OF St. PETER AD VINCULA.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.



TH I S would have been one of the
most magnificent Works of *Rome*,
had it been finish'd according to
the Design *Michael Angelo* made
of it; his *Moses* is the greatest Ornament
of it; and this excellent Statue, which is
greater than the Life, is the most majestick
of any modern Production.

That venerable Beard so long, and yet
so well turned, gives *Moses* an infinite
Grandeur and Majesty, but a Majesty fierce
and

and firm, and an imperious and ruling Grandeur.

All what the antient Sculptors have given of the Grand and Venerable to their Gods of Rivers, Gods of the Sea, even their *Neptune* is much short of what *Michael Angelo* has given his *Moses*.

No Description, no theatrical Decoration, where the Art of a Genius the most proper for it has been often exhausted, ever shewed an Expression so noble, of so grand a Majesty, or so lively an Image of Divinity.

The *Pompey* of the Palace *Spada*, and the Conquerors of ancient *Rome* are not so grand in their Statues as this Legislator of the People of God. One cannot by all the Terms, and all the Expressions in the World, arrive at the Formation of the Idea which the Sight of this Figure impresses in the Minds of those who look at it; it is Grandeur and Majesty it self, under the Figure of *Moses*.





C H A P. XXVII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

A Picture in San Pietro Montorio.

By RAPHAEL URBIN.



HIS Picture is twelve Foot and five Inches high, above seven Foot nine Inches and a half broad, and has this in it in particular, that one sees nothing surprizing at first, as having not one of those glorious Lines which make themselves admired at first sight by all those who look at them; but the more Understanding one has in the Art of Painting, the more one discovers in it those Beauties, which make all Judges own that this Work is not only the Master-piece of

Raphael Urbin, but even the very Triumph of Painting.

Painters will tell you that this Picture is the most perfect in the World for Correctness of Design, for ordering the Subject, for the Assemblage of Groupes, for the Variety and Harmony of Colours in so many Garments, where they are diversified not only in their kinds of green, blue, red, and yellow, but even all different one from the other in the Species of so many Greens, Blues, Reds, and Yellows, of different sorts more strong, or more weak, all managed with such Discretion, and so well accorded, that nothing in the World can be more lively.

The same Painters will bid you observe well the Body of that Woman at the Front of the Picture (who brings her Son possessed of a Devil to Christ) as one of those Bodies so divinely well design'd, by which one ever knows the great *Raphael Urbin*. One of these Bodies, the Colours of which are so graceful and delicate, have an Elegance of a natural Beauty which enchants which side soever he represents it to us: This which is turned, makes us see a Shape the most free and easy, and the most noble that could be figured.

They

They will tell you in fine, that this Piece alone is sufficient to make one know that this excellent Painter has seen by the Penetration of his Art, into the Necessity and Artifice of *Chiaroscuro*, the Idea of which he could not draw from any Painter of his Time, nor learn its Principles from any of his Masters, who had absolutely no Knowledge of it: That in this Picture the Strength of his Design is such, that the Colours are there pronounc'd with so much Neatness and Precision, that nothing more can be desired by the marked Lines even to the most secret and hidden Extremities; and that this Strength is at the same time accompanied with such Softness, that even in the most visible Parts one sees a delicate Liberty which banishes every thing that is hard and dry. That the Composition is noble, rich, abundant, full of Gravity and Discretion; that all the Actions there are expressed with Grace and Propriety; that his Figures have all easy and natural Movements; that if they are not always Groupes of Light and Shade, they please however after the most agreeable Manner by their Actions; and if his Draperies have somewhat of the little Manner in them, he has made them in a grand Gusto, and placed them when he pleased, in a beautiful Order of Folds; all which,

to speak the Truth, could not be perfectly well known but by those of the Profession, and who know the Art and Rules of Painting: However, we shall now see what Wonders good Sense and a little good Taste may discover to the whole World in this Picture.

This Piece is composed of seven and twenty Figures, all so well plac'd, that except four or five, one sees them all entirely; contrary to the common Custom of Painters, who either to avoid Work, or that they know not how to disengage a Multitude of Figures one from another in the same Picture, present us with a great many Heads behind some Persons who are painted at their full length in the Front; but here every thing is free and disengag'd, and the Figures so judiciously ranged, that one sees them all alike, without any Confusion, or one hiding or covering another.

Never were known Episodes to form an Action more easy to conceive at once than that of this Picture.

An afflicted Mother, accompanied with a Parent and some *Jews*, present to JESUS CHRIST her Son who was possessed, that he might deliver him from the wicked Spirit: A strong robust Man holds this Infant, who is horribly agitated by the Convulsions

ons of the Possession, with stiffened Arms, and Eyes starting out of his Head, and the Fingers bent backward, tormented with the Pains he suffers: One thinks one hears his Cries, and is sensible of his Agonies; all his Veins are swoln, the Skin of his Body stretched after an extraordinary Manner, his Muscles tumid, and all the Parts of his Body in such a violent Condition, that no other Torment but that of Possession could visibly put a human Body in the like Contorsions.

This Mother finds the Apostles without JESUS CHRIST at the Foot of Mount *Thabor*; she shews them the Tortures her Son suffers; all the Apostles look with an Attention full of Astonishment at the Convulsions of this Child, but not believing it in their Power to free him from the Devil that possesses him, one of them contents himself to shew the Mother the way which their divine Master had taken, who was retired to the Top of that Mountain, at the Foot of which they attended him.

The Mother shews the Apostles her suffering Son, the Apostles in their turn to the Mother the Summit of the Mountain where their Master is. The Action of the Mother carries our Eyes to the Apostles, and that of the Apostles elevates them to JESUS CHRIST; and

these two Actions have such Union one with another, that the Design of the Picture is discovered at once, and the History also comprized at one View.

The Heads of the Apostles, and of the Jews that came along with the Mother, which have all Airs so different, appear to be more and more animated the longer one looks at them; and the Life that flows thro' the whole makes the Spectator enter into the Action, and that full of the same Sentiments of these several Persons, he quits them all to look as they do, with a Pity full of Astonishment at the suffering Infant.

One believes ones self really present at that very Action; that one sees a real Mountain in Size and Colour; that one is actually at its Foot with the Mother of the possessed Child; one looks up, as she does, towards the Summit of Mount *Thabor*, where the Son of God appears in the Air with so shining a Whiteness as enlightens the whole Picture, and by the Splendor of which one sees JESUS CHRIST full of a Majesty only peculiar to a Divinity; a Splendour so brilliant and so lively, that the Top of the Mountain, which is all illuminated, makes the Bottom appear to lye in a kind of Darkness and Obscurity.

CHRIST

CHRIST appears in the Air with a triumphant Attitude, as a God, who supports himself by his own proper Power.

Moses and *Elias*, who are on each side, shine also with a very great Splendour, but which yet only appears as a Reflection in respect of that of JESUS CHRIST; and tho' their Suspension in the Air has an Attitude which displays Victory and Triumph, *Raphael* knew so well to join with it such a Modesty, that they always appear two Creatures penetrated with the Veneration of their Creator and God, whom they adore with Sentiments of the most profound Humility, even in their triumphant Suspension.

The three Apostles who went up with JESUS CHRIST to the Top of Mount *Thabor*, seeing him environed with so great a Splendour, and cloathed with so much Majesty, remain equally dazzled and astonished; and tho' the Attitude of all three are very different, it would be a very difficult Matter to say which expresses the Amazement and Surprise such a Spectacle produces.

The Art of *Raphael* is above all admirable in the Expression, by which he has shewn in a Manner so sensible the Elevation of JESUS CHRIST, in respect to these three Apostles; for tho' there is only one Foot distance

distance between him and them, he seems to touch the Empyreum, and that the Summit of the Mountain where they are, in Relation to him, seems a profound Abyss, where he leaves them infinitely lower than himself; the firm and elevated Attitude of CHRIST, and the Prostration of his Apostles, one of whom has his Body extended almost at its full length upon the Ground, produce this Effect; and this is what no Painter ever yet knew how to imitate in any of the Copies that I have seen made of this Piece; indeed one sees in these Copies, that this Apostle is upon the Mountain, and that he touches it; but the Attitude of this Body so naturally extended, is one of those Productions of the Genius, and one of those Expressions of the Pencil of the divine *Raphael*; all which no other Painter ever knew how to arrive at.





C H A P. XXVIII.

PIECES OF SCULPTURE AT St. PETER'S,
ON THE VATICAN.

St. PETER'S CHAIR.

By Cavalier BERNINI.



THIS Work is one of those whose Beauty is so bright as to make the whole World render that Justice which is due to their Authors; for one cannot look at it without admiring the Richness of that Genius, whose Invention could make, if I may say so, out of nothing, a Thing so grand and magnificent.

To make a Chair, and to make it one of the greatest Ornaments of the most beautiful Church in the World! Here undoubtedly it must be own'd, that Art surpasses Nature, that the Mind supply'd the place of Materials, and that the Magnificence of a Genius elevates the Simplicity of a thing which has nothing grand and beautiful in it self; and this is what *Bernini* has done in this Work.

He has enclosed the Chair of St. *Peter* in a Chair of Brass gilt, pierced thro', and enriched it with all the Ornaments that Sculpture can furnish on the like Occasion: It is held up by four holy Doctors *, all of Brass, much larger than the Life, all crown'd with a radiant Glory of Brass gilt; and all this together, executed as it is, produces an Effect so grand and so magnificent, that certainly there is nothing more beautiful in the Church of St. *Peter*.

* *Athanasius*, St. *Chrysostome*, St. *Ambrose*, and St. *Agustine*.

MADONNA DELLA MISERICORDIA.

OR,

OUR LADY OF PITY.

A GROUPE OVER THE ALTAR OF THE GREAT CHAPEL, WHICH SERVES AS A CHOIR TO THE CANONS.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

NEVER Marble was better wrought than this *, it seems to have been a kind of Pâste which the Sculptor has moulded as he pleased.

In other Pieces, one admires the Life which Sculptors give to Marble, which sometimes they animate after a wonderful Manner. In this Piece one must stand in as much Admiration of Death, of which *Michael Angelo* so well knew how to make an Expression in all the Members of

* *Michael Angelo* made this Piece for Cardinal *Briçonnet*.

the Body of JESUS CHRIST, which this holy Virgin holds on her Knees.

In other Pieces, one cries up the Lightness which Sculptors give their Statues; in this one as much admires even the Heaviness which *Michael Angelo* knew how to bestow on Marble it self, in order to make the Members of CHRIST fall; the Gravity of which one sees as plainly here, as Lightness in the Statues of other Sculptors.

This Piece nevertheless, has two Faults which will ever hinder it from being placed in the same Rank with the other Works of this great Man.

The first is, that the holy Virgin has JESUS CHRIST upon her Knees without appearing any wise incommoded; now it is not possible that a Woman should have the Body of so large a Person on her Knees without being sensible of the Weight, of being somewhat uneasy.

The second Fault regards the Virgin only: It is certain one cannot give more Majesty to a Woman than *Michael Angelo* has given her; she is all noble, full of all Grandeur and possible Dignity; in this respect she is indeed a Prodigy; but he has made her too young to be a Mother of a Man above thirty Years of Age.

Michael

Michael Angelo thought of nothing but making an agreeable Figure, a sweet Face, modest and beautiful, and he did so; but he did not attend to the Proportion of the Age which he should have given the holy Virgin in Relation to JESUS CHRIST; she is his Mother, and she appears here to be his Sister; she is a tender Mother, a Mother of Grief and Sorrow; and the oppressing Pains which she suffer'd on account of the Passion and Death of her Son ought to have made her old, but *Michael Angelo* has made her very young.

VASARI in his Book of the Lives of Painters endeavours to excuse this Fault, and would even in this shew us a Character of a Beauty of the highest Perfection; for my part I make no more Difficulty to agree with him, than to own at the same time that the Merit of this excellent Sculptor is otherwise so firmly establish'd, that a Fault of this Nature would but very lightly affect his Reputation.





C H A P. XXIX.

A MAGDALENE.

A PICTURE IN THE PALACE PIO, IN
CAMPO FIORE.

By GIACOMI ROBUSTI, *commonly called*
TINTORET, *born at Venice.*



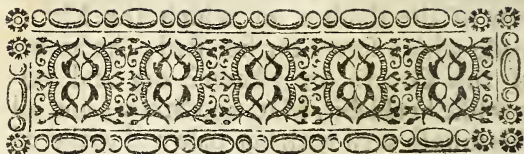
HIS *Magdalene* is not the most beautiful Person in the World, but she is so full of Life, that never Picture ever appeared less a Picture than this: It is really a Woman alive, and weeping in the midst of all the Instruments of Christian Mortification; and in a Grotto, the Furniture of which inspires no less a penitential Sorrow than the Tears and Compunction of this penitent Woman.

The

The Colouring of this Piece is as excellent as singular. *Magdalene* appears there upon Straw; her Habit is a Tissue of the Barks of Trees of the same Colour of the Rushes, of which the Mat is made which serves for her Bed; the Stones of this Grotto are likewise dry and yellow like her Habit, Mat, and Straw; and all this suits so well with her pale and withered Face, that no Work in the World is better set off with proper Colouring.

I shall say nothing of the Character of the Painter, only that not one of his Pictures shew better than this the particular Talent he had to characterise his Subject; that his Carnations were never more true, his Touches more judicious, and his Pencil more vigorous and strong.





CHAP. XXX.

PORTA DEL POPOLO.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI,
AND
CAVALIER BERNINI.



THE *Porta del Popolo* has this singular in it, that it is only the Work of the two greatest Architects that *Italy* has produced in these latter Ages; for the Front, or *Fracciata* which is out of the Town, was made by *Michael Angelo*; and the other, which is within the Town, by Cavalier *Bernini*.

The

The Ornaments with which other Gates are sometimes all covered and historied over, will only look like so many Pieces of cut Paper in Comparison of the noble Simplicity of this, which has but three Ornaments, a Festoon, and two Volutes, but of an Elegance by which one knows at first sight that they must have been the Productions of one of the greatest Masters of the Art.

I shall add no more, only this, that I believe one cannot see any thing more beautiful than this Gate, especially if one looks at it in the middle Street leading to the Piazza, where ones Eye is taken up with the View of an Obelisque that seems to crown the whole: For *Bernini* having made the Top of this Gate of a full Arch, very little different from a perfect Circle, and the Obelisque appearing above it, this Arch serves for its Basis; the Obelisque seems to be placed upon the Gate, and to terminate it admirably well with the Cross it has upon it; so that at a certain Distance, one cannot see a more beautiful Piece of Architecture, especially in the Evening, when the Twilight favours the Illusion of the Eyes; to which these two Pieces of Art, tho' separated from each other at a great Distance, appear nevertheless together, or rather one and the same

same thing. One sees at such a time a perfect Obelisque, which seems to have for its Basis a vast Globe, on each side of which are two kinds of *Adoucissements en Gorge*, which have the same Effect as two large Parts of a Circle, and Balls upon Pedestals, which rise from each side of the *Amortissement* of the Gate with a Regularity of Symetry which charms the Sight.





CHAP. XXXI.

PORTA PIA.

By Michael Angelo Buonaroti.



HERE is no Gate of a Town, even over all *Italy*, that can compare with the PORTA PIA for Delicacy and Elegance of Architecture; it is of so surprizing a Lightness that it seems only to be made of Paper.

It has nothing for Ornament but a Festoon of Laurels issuing from two Volutes, and two Basins mounted upon a Manipule hanging down of each side; for here it is that one may yet find that simple Character by which all the Works of great Authors are impressed; thus simple and light, but grand and majestick in its noble Simplicity, and delicate Lightness, it regales the Eyes with a Prospect of Pomp and Magni-

Magnificence, tho' set off with two Ornaments only, but of a Gusto that makes us see it to be the Work of a Genius very much superiour to that of ordinary Architects.





C H A P. XXXII.

A P O M P E Y.

An Antique Statue in the Palace Spada.



OMPEY has an Air so grand in this Statue, that there is no Person living but must think himself little in his Presence, tho' it be but that of his Image.

He has something of I know not what August and Heroick which can only suit with the Master of the World. One cannot look upon this Statue but one must think it to be that of a Conqueror, a Hero, or an Emperor, only by the Majesty of him it represents.

And tho' it must be own'd that the Statues of *Cesar* and *Augustus*, which are now remaining, are also very beautiful, yet if one would place them near this, one
I should

should most certainly take them for the Officers of *Pompey*; so well has the Sculptor known how to give him the Air of a Master.





C H A P. XXXIII.

PAINTINGS IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT
SYLVESTER

ON MONTE CAVALLO.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE HOLY VIR-
GIN OVER THE ALTAR OF OUR LA-
DY'S CHAPEL.

By Scipio Pulzone Native of Gaietta.

AND

SOME PAINTINGS BY DOMENICHINO

In the same Chapel.



THE Holy Virgin, who is painted
in this Piece with an Air the most
sweet and graceful in the World,
seems to ascend as one looks at her;
and the Painter has given her an Attitude
H so

so excellent, for an Assumption, that the more one strives to look at her, the more one believes she really ascends.

The four Medaillons on the arched Roof of this Chapel are done by the Hand of the famous *Domenichino*.

In that of *Judith*, the two little Boys who look upon the Head of *Holophernes*, are two Masterpieces for Expression; and no Painter like himself ever knew how to paint Children after so finished a Manner, as may be seen here as well as in his other Pieces; the Airs of their Heads, the Postures of their Bodies, a Promptitude of Movements, a Liberty of Gestures, and Attitudes of Nature, a Simplicity, and Likeness which exceed every thing that others have done of their best in this kind, without excepting any one.

Esther falling in a Swoon before *Assuerus*, is another Masterpiece no less perfect; and never Swooning was better expressed, either by Paleness of Visage, or by the Fall of her Body, which would visibly come to the Ground were it not supported by her Women.

But *Domenichino*, in my Opinion, has made an inexcusable Fault in the Medaillon or Circle, where he painted *David* dancing before the Ark, having put in the Retinue of that Holy King, a *Bacchanal* with

CHURCH of SAINT SYLVESTER. 147
with her Timbrel advanced in the Air, and
her Body half naked, preceding immediately the *Levites*, who carry the Ark with
a Modesty the most composed, and which
makes the Impudence and Nudity of the
other the more ridiculous.

PERSPECTIVES

IN THE ROOF OF THE SAME CHURCH.

*By Padre Mattheo Zaccolino a Theatin,
Native of Cesene in Romagna.*

THE Cupola painted in Perspective
in the Roof over the Choir of this
Church, is done with such Artifice, that
the best Eye is deceived. Unless Judgment
corrects the Errors of the Eyes, one cannot
help imagining, but that there is certainly
a Cavity in that part of the Roof
where this Cupola is painted, and yet it is
all flat and plain.

One sees near this Cupola a little Angel
painted in the Arch, which begins the
Vault of the Choir, than which never
any Painting appeared to have more of a
real Relief; this Angel seems to be entire-


ly separated from the Roof, and to touch it only with his Head; Painting could never farther carry on Deception, nor was there ever Painter better understood Perspective, and the Proportions of Light and Shade than Father *Zaccolino*, in the Opinion even of *Poussin*, whose Judgment ought to be of great Weight and Moment in such Occasions.





CHAP. XXXIV.

THE RUINES OF DIOCLESIAN'S BATHS,
OF WHICH MICHAEL ANGELO BU-
ONAROTI MADE THE CARTHUSI-
AN'S CHURCH AT TERMINI, THE
CLOYSTERS OF THOSE FATHERS.

ERE, one remains in Suspense
between the Merit of the Anci-
ents and that of the Moderns, and
one does not know to whom to
give the Preference.

On one side, the Grandeur of those vast and spacious Halls of those ancient Baths is beyond all modern Buildings of this Nature; as soon as one comes in, one believes one self to be in some august Temple, one is seized with I know not what Respect at the sight of the Majesty of those proud Places, and moved with the same Sentiments with which one is struck, entring some Basilick or magnificent Cathedral. The Columns which support the Vaults raised out of those Baths, are the highest, the most beautiful, and most perfect we have left us by the Ancients; and one cannot think, without Astonishment, on the Capacity of those Ages that produced such stupendious Works.

On the other Hand, one remains equally seized with Surprise, when one considers the Genius of that excellent Architect, who knew how to make one of the finest Churches in the World out of these ancient Buildings; for *Michael Angelo*, by giving this Church the Form of a *Greek Cross*, has in his Design so taken in, all those old Ruins, that the least Corner has some Proportion and Symmetry with the Body of the whole; one cannot see any thing more clear and perfect; so that
one

one knows not which we ought most to admire, either the Ancients, which built such vast and proud Edifices; or the modern Architect, who knew so well how to preserve their Ruins, and out of so many different Pieces to form a Vessel so Beautiful and Regular.

The Cloyster of these Recluses is also the Work of *Michael Angelo*; and there is not one in all *Italy* of a Design so elegant, neat, and pretty, tho' it is one of the greatest that ever was. It is a Lightness of admirable Architecture. In the Galleries below, to the Garden side, it has nothing but small Pillars, but so wonderfully delicate that these Galleries are as light as if they had none at all: Those above, tho' closed, are however towards the Garden pierced with so many Windows, that they are as light as if they were quite open. These Windows are of an half oblong Square, but formed in such a Manner, that their Extremity makes a kind of Crescent, which seems as it were willing to embrace the neighbouring Oval, which produces a very agreeable Effect to the Eye.

This Gallery is all covered over with the finest Prints in *Europe*, ranged with

the greatest Judgment; and there is no Place in the World where one can amuse one self more agreeably and with greater Profit.





C H A P. XXXIV.

TIVOLI

AND WHAT LIES MOST BEAUTIFUL
ABOUT IT,

As well Antique as Modern.



NE does not know what is most Beautiful at *Tivoli*, when one has only entred the Town and seen the famous Cascade that the *Tiber* makes at the Bridge, tho'. Strangers hardly see any thing else when they come thither.

To see the greatest Beauties of this Place so much boasted of by the Ancients, one must view them from that side where stands the Convent of the Friars of the third Order of Saint *Francis*, between
H 5 which

which and *Tivoli* is the Valley where the *Tiber* runs.

There you have before you the Town of *Tivoli*, situated upon a great Number of little Hills heapt together, which rise in an Amphi-theatre: On your left Hand you see the *Tyber* precipitating from the Top of the *Sabine* Mountains, falling into a Gulph where it loses it self; and at some little distance issues out of a great Cavern, where it breaks with such Violence against the Rocks which it is full of, that the Water sprinkling in millions of Drops, appears like agitated Smoke, in such manner, that the smoking Mouth of this Cavern resembles rather a flaming Furnace than a Grotto full of Water. The *Tyber* losing it self again under the Rocks, comes out a Moment after impetuous and rapid; and bounding thro' a winding Channel, rolls like a Torrent along the Valley, in which of a sudden it becomes a quiet calm River, and thus runs over the Plain, which one sees on the right Hand.

On the left is a Theatre closed with Mountains that reach the Clouds, and continually enlarging themselves towards the Valley, open themselves all at once, and discover the whole Campania of *Rome* even to the Sea, that is, a Plain of immense extent,

extent, with a Horizon that runs quite out of sight.

This is what one sees both on right and left; and before you you have a wonderful little Hill, from the side of which the Water which is turned from the *Tyber* for the Pleasure-houses of the Town issues out as from so many Crevices, making a thousand Boundings and Cascades; which at last fall into the bottom of the Valley and rejoin the *Tyber* whence they were separated.

This little Hill is all covered with a Green, diversified with a hundred kinds of Greens quite different one from the other; as Vines, Meadows, Olives, Furze, some light and others dark and obscure, which like so many Compartments make of this Place a Scene of a charming Decoration; and the whole looks like a Theatre expressly made to shew to the Eye after a very agreeable Manner, the Town of *Tivoli* which is above it, and behind which one sees a great Number of little Mountains rising one above another, and all covered with green Trees, making as it were a Crown, which renders it one of the most agreeable Prospects in the World.

All the Beauties of Nature seem to be collected and united here. Where one sees cultivated Fields, a Desert, Houses,

rapid Torrents, a smooth and quiet River; Craggs and frightful Places, little Hills of soft and easie ascent, dry and barren Rocks, Mountains; a Plain; a Town, a delicious Coteau all covered with Cascades, whose silver Waters produce a wonderful Effect in mingling themselves over an infinity of green and yellow Carpet, which they equally cut after the most agreeable manner in the World; so that certainly no Painter ever made any Land-skip of a pure Imagination so Beautiful as this is in reality.

And to add more to its Delights, the Place where one contemplates all these is covered with Thyme, Mint, Palm, Broom, Rosemary, and a hundred other kinds of odoriferous Herbs and Plants, which not only perfume the Air with enchanting Odours, but make it so healthful, that as soon as one begins to respire, the Stomach immediately perceives its Virtue, and finds it self comforted in a Moment.

After all this, one must not wonder that the ancient *Romans* so much boasted of the Healthfulness of the Air, and that they believed it so proper to conserve Health and prolong Life, that it was grown a Proverb amongst them to say, *When our*
Hour

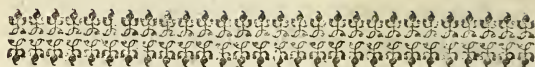
Hour is come, one dies every where, even at Tivoli.*

But to frame a true Judgment of the Agreeableness of this Place so much celebrated, one must be, as I just now said, upon the Coteau, on which is situated at present the Convent of the Fathers of the third Order of St. *Francis*. This made *Horace* and *Catullus*, who had both an exquisite Taste in Pleasure, make Choice of this Place for the Situation of their Houses of Pleasure, and which, in reality they had there.

* *Nullo fata loco possis excludere, cum Mors venerit in medio Tibure Sardinia † est.* Mart Ep. l. 4.

† The Air of *Sardinia* was thought to be the most unwholsome in the World.





CH A P. XXXVI.

THE PLEASURE HOUSE OF THE EM-
PEROR ADRIAN,

Commonly call'd

LA VILLA ADRIANA.



HIS Emperor was as voluptuous as learned, of an universal Erudition, of an exquisite Taste for Pleasures, of great Ability, curious, delicate and polite; he was a Philosopher and Poet, and his Genius was enriched with all the Lights that a thorough Knowledge of the *belle Lettere* could bestow.

He travelled over all Parts of the Earth that were known in his Time, and being at last resolved to take up his Residence at *Rome*, and pass the remainder of his Life in

his House of Pleasure he had at *Tivoli*, he proposed to unite what he had seen most beautiful in *Greece*, *Egypt*, *Asia*, and the other Countries where he had travelled, that he might have no Regret by thinking on those Places that he had travelled over.

The Situation of this House of Pleasure was altogether favourable to this great Undertaking, for it is a Place the most even, and of the greatest Extent that one sees amongst the Coteaux that are at the Declension of the Mountains of *Tivoli*, so that he might very commodiously have erected all kinds of Buildings he had thought fit.

It was in this Place then, that besides his vast and magnificent Palace, Apartments for all his Court, Places for his Guards, Equerries, Riding-Houses, and Courts, he caused a Circus to be made for Races, a *Naumachium* for Sea Fights, a Theatre for Spectacles, an Amphitheatre for Combats of Wrestlers, hot and cold Baths, shady Walks from the Sun, Porticos to shelter from the Rain, Woods for Hunting, Lakes for Fish, and a Seraglio for himself; Places of Pleasure for others, Places for sacrificing to the Gods, others again for Work and Study, Temples, Libraries, little Woods, Fiborets, Grottos,

160 *The PLEASURE-HOUSE of*
Grottos, Fountains, a *Lyceum*, a *Prytaneum*, an Academy as at *Athens*, a delicious Valley like the famous *Tempe* in *Theffaly*, *Elysian Fields*, and in general all sorts of Places agreeable and commodious for Study, Pleasure, and all sorts of Exercise. All this built upon a surprizing Solidity, and enrich'd with Ornaments so magnificent, that the only Remains of this vast and proud Collection of Buildings gives us a greater Idea of the Roman Magnificence and Grandeur than what one elsewhere sees in the whole World.

It was here that this Emperor consulted with his Ministers, philosophised with Stoicks and Platonicks *, and plunged himself into all sorts of Pleasures with his Mistresses: Here he thought to end his Days, but falling into an incurable Distemper his Physicians advised him to change the Air, and go to *Baia* in the *Campania*, where despairing of recovering his former Health, he died.

The Emperors his Successors despoiled this fine House of its Statues, Columns, Jaspers, and Agates with which it was embellished, to adorn their Palaces and Baths:

* *Epicætetus* the Stoick, and *Numenius* the Platonick, whom he caused to come to him from *Rome*.

However,

However, one yet sees magnificent Galleries, and Salons of an astonishing Largeness and Height, all incrusted with Stucco as white as if it had been just laid on with Medaillons and wonderful Compartments.

But that which even frightens one, is the Thickness and Solidity of the Walls and Vaults, for one cannot conceive how one Man only could find time enough to raise such a prodigious Quantity of Buildings so thick and solid, if one did not reflect that the Roman Emperors had Millions of Slaves who only cost them their Dyet, and whom they made labour under severe Correction with Bread and Water: Thus indeed we shall comprehend how the antient *Romans* could, in so little a time, cause their Baths to be made, their Aqueducts, their Highways, and all those astonishing Works, of which one dare not form so much as an Undertaking in these Ages.

The C A S C A D E at the Bridges.

TH E greatest Beauty of this Cascade is the falling of the *Tyber*, whose Waters all of them tumble from its Bed into a Gulph by one Nape only, but very large, and the most regular and perfect that ever was. As to the boyling up of the
Wate

162 *The Pleasure-House of MÆCENAS.*

Water, and its breaking against the Rocks on which it falls, it's certain that the Cascade of *Terni* *, which falls much higher, is infinitely beyond this, and has something in it more frightfully beautiful.

THE PLEASURE-HOUSE OF MÆ- CENAS.

NEVER any thing had a more beautiful Situation than the Pleasure-House of *Mæcenas*, of which one sees yet the Remains: It was situated on the first Coteau, which faces the Plain, and presents it self to the Sight as we come from *Rome* to *Tivoli*; being there elevated on high vaulted Terrasses, and several Stories one above another, it commands the whole Plain; and one there discovers, with a Sight entirely free and at Liberty on all Sides, an immense Extent of the *Campania of Rome*. This was plainly seen from the Vaults of the Terrasses, and those of the Houses, which subsist to this very Day.

* Forty five Miles from *Rome*, in *Umbria*.

C H A P. XXXIX.

CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE
CROSS.A PICTURE IN THE CHURCH OF
SANTA TRINITA DEL MONTE.

*By Daniel Ricciarelli, Native of Volterra
in Tuscany.*



HIS Picture is one of the three that *Poussin* thought the most beautiful in *Rome*, and which are the Transfiguration of *Raphael Urbin* at *San Pietro Montorio*, the St. *Ferom* of *Domenichino*, in the Church of *Santo Hieronymo della Carita*: or, St. *Ferom* of the Charity, near the Piazza of *Farnese*; both which we have already

already described in their proper Place, And this, which is in the *French* Minimes Church *della Trinita del Monte*, or that of the holy Trinity of the Mount.

This is one of those Masterpieces of Painting, the Beauty of which strikes even the grossest Minds; but this Picture has this peculiar in it, that it does not look like one, for it is in Fresco painted over an Altar of a Chapel, and which takes up the whole Wall. Mount *Calvary* is the Ground which is from the Level of the Altar; the Crucifix is raised upon this Mountain, and there is nothing above the Cross but a large Sky; so that there being no Shades, as in other Pieces, which make the Ground of the Picture, it does not seem to be one. On the contrary, one imagines by looking on it, that one is actually with these Persons that compose it, and on the same Ground, and under the same Sky.

Magdalene, and the *Maries* who press near the holy Virgin, who stoop down to comfort her, appear standing out of the Wall; one thinks one hears them speak, act, move, and walk; one believes the holy Virgin to be actually at the Foot of the Cross as well as they; she looks as if she was between them and us, and that we all make but one Groupe of living Persons employed

employed in the same Action, and full of the same Thoughts at the View of the same Object; for the Painter has so well disposed all these Figures, that those who look upon this Work of his imagine to make themselves a Party, that they are interested in the Action, that they have the same Sentiments: In short, that they finish the Picture in Conjunction with those other Persons therein represented.

One might admire a hundred different Actions of the Executioner; but that of him who is above on the Top of the Cross, and who lets go the Body of JESUS CHRIST into the Arms of his Companion who stands below to receive it, is incomparable: He seems to speak to him, and bid him take care to hold it since he has let it go: This Executioner only stretches out his Hand at length from the Top of the Cross even to the Arms of JESUS CHRIST; and if this Picture had been the Work of an ordinary Painter, one could not tell whether this Jew advances his Arm to take hold of that of JESUS CHRIST, or whether he has just drawn it a little back in letting him go; but here this Action is no way doubtful, and one plainly sees that this Man lets him go, and recommends his Companion to hold him up.

The

166 CHRIST *taken from the Cross.*

The Colouring of this Picture is one of the most beautiful things we can see: The Habits of *Magdalene*, and those of the *Maries* charm the Eye; *Ceruse*, *Lake*, and *Ultramarine* form a Mixture of Colours equally soft and lively, the admirable Variety of which has something in it enchanting; and the whole Work, tho' in Fresco, is as soft and easy as the finest Pictures painted in Oyl.



CH A P. XL.

PIECES OF PAINTING IN THE PALACE
OF THE VATICAN.

THE BATTEL OF CONSTANTINE
AGAINST MAXENTIUS,

IN THE HALL OF CONSTANTINE,

By RAPHAEL URBIN.



WE need only to open our Eyes to be charmed with this Battel, which was designed by the great *Raphael Urbin*, and painted by *Julio Romano*, the most illustrious of all his Scholars; as it is a Piece of the most magnificent Fresco in the World, so, in the Judgment of the best

best Connoisseurs, it is the most excellent and most perfect.

It has the greatest Extent of Ground that ever was formed in a Picture, and at the same time the most varied and most agreeable; it is the most numerous Army, the most beautiful Order of Battel, and the vastest Field that ever was painted; a Multiplicity of infinite Figures, yet without the least Confusion; a prodigious Quantity of particular Engagements, without any thing repeated; an innumerable Number, if one may say so, of People fighting both a Horseback and on Foot on the Land or in the Water, with all different Attitudes; a thousand Groupes distributed with admirable Order; all the Expressions of which are diversified with a Fecundity of an astonishing Genius, Distances of immense Space, with Degradations of Colour, Light and Shade, which efface, by little and little, the Objects in Proportion to their Distance; a Softness of Painting, where the Fresco yields not in the least to Oyl, a Colouring lively and enchanting.

I could take a great deal of Pleasure here in giving my self up entirely to the Temptation I have of entring into a Detail of this great Work, as much persuaded as I am that this Undertaking is a-

above my Power; to describe all the different sorts of Arms, defensive and offensive of so many Nations, one sees in the Armies of *Constantine* and *Maxentius*; for the Soldiers are differently armed, with Pikes, Launces, Javelins, Bows, Arrows, Darts, Sabres, Swords, Poniards, according to the Usage of their respective Countries, and agreeable to their Employ.

How many sorts of Shields? long, round, flat, convex? some shaped like a Heart, some ovale; these like Cartouches, and others again in an Infinity of other Antique Figures for which we have no Name.

How many sorts of Corselets? some of Mail, some of little Scales, others again of Iron, Steel, Leather, and Horn?

What Variety in the Ornaments of their Helmets; some with Horse Tails, Tufts of Flowers, Plumes, Crests, Foliage, Dragons, Sphynxes, Beasts Muzzles, Masques, and a hundred Grotesques?

How many different Ensigns, besides the famous *Labarum** of Eagles, Dragons,

* A particular Ensign of the Emperor, in the form of a Banner, which never appeared but when he was himself

æ 70 *The Battel of CONSTANTINE, &c.*
gons, Hands of Justice, Images of the Sun
and Moon, and of the Prince himself?

How many different sorts of Trumpets,
some strait, others twisted like Hunting-
Horns? for never any Painter, except
Poussin, ever knew how to make so learn-
ed and judicious an Observation of this
part of Painting, which they call Costume,
as *Raphael*, in all these.

But the Detail of what is singular in
this immense Work, would let me to an
Infinity of Observations, for which Rea-
son I shall content my self to say in gene-
ral, that every thing here is alive, moves,
acts, and fights, but with a Heat and Fire
which even moves and heats the Specta-
tors, who cannot with cool Blood look on
so many Actions so lively, and so hot an
Engagement. There one sees broken
Swords and Launces, gaping Wounds,
Streams of Blood, Despair, Rage, and Death,
under all the different Forms she can pre-
sent her self in the most furious Battels,
and most dreadful Slaughter: *Constantine*
appears with an Air of Grandeur worthy

himself in the Field: It was of a Purple Colour. *Con-
stantine* put a Cross on the Top of it, as well as over
the Roman Eagles, and every other Ensign in his
Army.

the

the greatest Conqueror of the World: And, in short, *Raphael* knew how to give such Life and Motion to his Figures by the means of flying Colours, Trumpets lifted up in the Air, Launces and Swords every where clashing against each other, that there is scarce any Work of this Character that does not, if compared to this, look cold and languid.

THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND OTHER PAINTINGS IN THE
CHAPEL OF St. SIXTUS.

By MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI.

ONE cannot see the Judgment of *Michael Angelo*, and other things in this great Chapel, but struck with the powerful Expressions of this Painter, one must, at the same time, judge that no one ever equall'd him for the Strength of Design.

All the Bodies are nervous, muscular, and in such Attitudes, which do not contribute less to shew their Force and Vigour than those Nerves and Muscles. This Strength is expressed with so much Energy, that tho' they are Bodies no larger
I 2 than

than the Life, one imagines that one sees as many Giants as there are Men.

On the other Hand, the Elevation of the Thoughts; the Nobleness of the Figures; those Airs of the Head, so beautiful and so full of Fire; that Gusto of Design, so grand, so severe, so terrible; the Equilibrium and Ponderation of Bodies so well placed in a firm Position upon their Plane, and their Centre of Gravity; their Muscles throwing themselves out by the Extension of some Members; or swelling themselves up again when a contrary Movement makes them retire and become more articulate, in Proportion to the Efforts made by the different Parts of these Bodies; their Origin, Insertion, Action, and every thing that regards the Connection of the Movement; the Offices of these Muscles, the Division of the Veins; the Position of the Members, the joining of the Bones; that profound Knowledge of Anatomy, and all its Parts, which *Michael Angelo* was in so high a Degree Master of, are here carried to such a Point of Perfection, that the Paintings only of this Chapel, while they subsist, will be an inexhaustible Source of Discoveries for those who would fathom the Depth of the Art of Painting; and that if the Science of Designing should be lost throughout

out the whole World besides, one should find it here again entirely, in the Multiplicity of an almost Infinity of Postures and Attitudes, into which this excellent Painter has thrown human Bodies.

I think I should say nothing of the last Judgment, the Prints that have been made of it have dispers'd it all the World over: but one ought to be satisfied that they give a just Idea of it, and should know what this Piece is after having seen them: The largest of these Prints are, at most, only three or four Sheets of Paper, and yet there are some Bodies in the Picture larger than all that. This Work fills up entirely a whole Wall forty or fifty Foot broad, and as high as the Roof of a very great Church, so that the seeing of this Piece of Painting gives one an Idea so different from what one has from the Prints, that tho' one has had them one's Lifelong continually before one, yet on seeing the Original, one is surpriz'd and astonish'd as at a thing of the greatest Novelty in the World.

I shall add to this a Beauty, of which the Prints could never give any one an Idea; and that is the Colouring of the Daylight, which represents a Light of the World after its Destruction, and which cannot in any manner appear in a Print

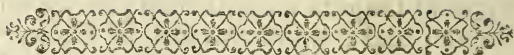
where there is nothing but black and white: However, this is one of the greatest Beauties of this Masterpiece of Painting; it is one of the things that is expressed with the greatest Art, and strikes one the most.

This Light, which *Michael Angelo* supposes must continue upon the Earth after the Destruction of the Sun and Stars, resembles nothing of that of our Days or Nights, the Light of the Sun or Moon, but is, I know not how, a Mixture of half clear, half obscure, of white and blue, of which I can give no Idea, but only in saying that it is somewhat approaching that State the Air is in during an Eclipse of the Sun or Moon, in which the Genius of *Michael Angelo* is admirable; for as the Light of the Sun shall be extinguish'd at the end of the World, and that nevertheless there must some Light remain upon the Earth to make Bodies visible, *Michael Angelo* could never have made a better to represent this Light, than to paint it like that one sees when the Sun or Moon suffers an Eclipse; for it is certain there is a Light in the Air at those times, but then it is an obscure and an extinguish'd Light, which, at most, can only serve to make us distinguish the several Figures of Bodies without letting us see
their

their different Colours, and which even tinges all Objects with its own pale leaden Colour; and it is just this sort of Colouring, and this bluish pale Light which *Michael Angelo* has made choice of to make us see those Bodies which shall be upon the Surface of the Earth at the Day of the last Judgment.

When one sees at *Rome* the grand and magnificent Works of Architecture of *Michael Angelo*, and his excellent Pieces of Sculpture, and some little Paintings of his which we find in the Cabinets of the Curious, one is sufficiently convinced that he was the greatest Architect, and the most able Sculptor of latter Ages; but one does not believe him to have been one of the best Painters of the World: However, let any one come and see this Chapel, and certainly they will doubt whether *Raphael Urbin* himself, the great *Raphael*, was a greater Painter than he.





C H A P. XLI.

PIECES OF SCULPTURE IN THE SAME
PALACE.

ANTINOUS AND APOLLO.

ANTIQUE STATUES,

In the Court of BELVEDERE.

Join these two Statues in the same Description, because *Antinous* and *Apollo* are represented near about the same Age, and as being two of the most beautiful Bodies of a Man that ever was made ; but the Airs that the Sculptors have given them are so different, that tho' *Antinous* may perhaps be the more regular, *Apollo* will always appear like a God in Comparison of him, by that majestick and divine Air which the Statuary knew so well how to give him ; for it is very true, that whatever Idea one has of the Perfection of Sculpture, whatsoever Masterpieces one

I has

has seen in that Art, whatever Notion one can form to one self after having heard the most advantageous Descriptions of this Statue, all falls short of the Reality, and one is always surprized at the first Sight of it; and one is no longer astonished that the Pagans adored these kinds of Images, in which all the World finds so many Characters which appear to have something really above Humanity: This has in it a Beauty full of Lineaments sensibly divine, which charm the Men as well as the Women.

It is truly the Body of a Man, but one plainly sees that never is, nor yet was a Man so well made; and one is persuaded that if the Gods are corporeal Essences they are certainly formed like *Apollo*, not only in respect of the Proportions of the Body so just and regular, but yet more on Account of the Attitude and Air of his Person; for never was seen in any Man, any Hero, an Air so noble and so grand as what the Sculptor has given this incomparable Statue.

Antinous is at least as well proportion'd, and may be the Body of a Man more perfect than that of *Apollo*; but with all this, he has nothing in him but what is natural, and of the Man; it is the most beautiful young Man of the World, but it is

still a Man; whereas *Apollo*, by his Air of Grandeur, ravishes you, and penetrates your Soul, and makes you perceive such Traces and Splendors of a Majesty more than human which flows, if I may be permitted the Expression, all around him.

What Genius must that of the Antients have been, who by the Air they give their Statues, make us know, according as they please, a Man, a Hero, a God, a Demigod!

Antinous, with the most beautiful Body of the World, appears always a Man; and *Apollo*, a Body less regularly formed, will appear always a God, the God even of *Antinous*! His Shape, his Port, his Air, his Attitude shews somewhat so divinely beautiful, that every thing must yield to it, even the very Idea that every one has of Beauty; an Idea which is so perfect in the Imagination of all Men, and which makes them so delicate and so difficult! Let any one go and see *Apollo*, and he will own, that by all the Ideas he has formed to himself of the Beauty of a Man the most perfect, that he never could figure out one so beautiful as what he sees in looking on this Statue.

Let the fair Sex approach to view him, and let them speak if they do not believe he has the Countenance of a God; and if
all

all the fine Images they ever form'd of the Beauties of Men are not very short of what this Statue presents them with.

It would take up an Infinity of Time to enter into the Detail of the different Parts of the Body; in which one should find a thousand exquisite Beauties if one were to examine every one in particular.

What Beauty, for Example, is that of this *Apollo's* Hand? Who could ever have imagin'd that a Man's Hand could be so fine? Is there ever any one in the World that ever had in his Mind the Idea of such a kind of Beauty? Had the finest Woman in the World ever a Hand so beautiful? It is not, however, a Woman's Hand, which one might make as delicate as one pleases: It is really a Man's Hand and Fingers by their Shape and Largeness: However, never was seen any thing in the World so beautiful, and no Spectator but what must be astonish'd, charm'd, enchanted.

I say, nothing of the Lightness of this Statue, which seems to swim in the Air, and touch nothing of the Earth: I enter into none of those Particulars where one would find infinite Beauties to admire; for the Air of that God is so grand, and captivates the Soul and Imagination, that one knows not how almost to look at any thing else in this incomparable Figure.

LAOCOON AND HIS SONS.

AN ANTIQUE GROUPE IN THE SAME
COURT OF THE GARDEN OF BEL-
VEDERE.

*By Agefander, Polydorus, and Athenedorus,
Natives of the Isle of Rhodes,*

THIS Groupe has ever past, even in the most flourishing Ages of Sculpture, for a Masterpiece of Art, as we learn from the Ancients*, who saw it when it made one of the principal Ornaments of the Baths of *Titus* the Roman Emperor. *Laocoon*, that famous Priest of *Apollo*, with his two Sons, one on each Side, all three entwined by a hideous Serpent, which with a great many Circles twists himself round their Bodies.

It was at that time certainly look'd upon as a Master Stroke of Sculpture, to have made out of the same Piece of Marble three Statues so well separated from each other, with so different Attitudes;

Laocoon qui est in Titi Imperatoris domo, opus omnibus & picturæ & Artis præferendum, fecere summi Artifices *Agefander*, *Polydorus*, & *Athenedorus Rhodii*.
C. Plinii secundi Nat. Hist. C. 25.

but

but to have known, by separating these Figures, how to produce also, in the same Marble, a Serpent whose Body must necessarily be partly in the void Spaces between the Statue, where he makes several redoubled Folds one within another, and twists round the Body of the Father and Sons, What Art must this have been! What surprising Industry!

The Strength which the Sculptor has given this Serpent that so vigorously enfolds these three Men, from which we see they cannot disengage themselves with all their Power, is also the Workmanship of a very skilful Hand.

The Violence of their Efforts, and of the Anguish which *Laocoon* suffers, appears over all his Body, even to the Extremity of his Feet, where the contracted Toes retire, and cause all his Muscles to swell as if they would start out of the Flesh. The Contortion of all his Members is a wonderful Attitude, which evidently shews all the Parts of this Body, which is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of Antiquity now in being.

But the Anguish, the Struggles, and the Despair of *Laocoon*, appear yet more in his Air; his Face is all writhed up with Pain, not a Finger's breadth lies smooth, all the different Parts are equally in Folds, there is nothing else to be seen: but they are Folds con-

torted

torted and disposed according to all the Movements the Muscles give to the Skin of a Man's Face that suffers the most desperate Torture; and tho' the whole Figure be of the same Marble, the Face notwithstanding seems to be somewhat paler than the rest of the Body; the Approaches of Death making one see, even in that fading Complexion, I know not what of a pallid mortal white.

In fine, the more one looks on *Laocoon*, the more one thinks every Vein appears swoln to the Sight, by the Strength of the Poyson which is already diffused over all the Vessels; that the Muscles swell, the Arteries beat with impetuous Motion, and that one sees all the Signs of a violent Poyson which has possessed the most inward Parts of the Body.

*Virgil** has given an admirable Description of this wretched Father in so miserable a Condition; and one must be void of all Sentiments of common Tenderness and Compassion not to be touch'd with the moving Expressions of that immortal Poet; but one must be quite insensible not to shudder at the Sight of this incomparable Piece of Sculpture, which, at first View, must affect a Mind even the most barbarous and inhuman with unspeakable Amazement, chilling Horrors, and unbounded Compassion.

* *Æneid.* lib. 2^d.

VENUS AND CUPID.

AN ANTIQUE GROUPE

In the same Court.

ONE would admire the fine Drapery of this *Venus*, if one could admire any Drapery after one has seen that of *Flora* in the Palace *Farnese*, of which we have already given a Description; but what a Masterpiece is *Cupid* who stands by her! It is not Marble, it is real Flesh; and how admirably well formed is that little Body! what Regularity, what Proportions, and what Genius of Sculpture was that which made this little Figure!

A Sculptor of an ordinary Genius, knowing *Cupid* to be a Child, would know no otherwise than to make him a Child if he was to represent him: He would make a little plump Body, with Limbs not quite form'd, with Arms and Legs, as all Children have, prodigiously short and thick, in Proportion to the rest of the Body: But a Genius above the common thinks, that tho' *Cupid* be an Infant, he is also a God, a God who never grows, and whose Limbs, of Consequence, ought to be as well formed as those of a full grown Man: Such was the Sculptor of this Piece;
he

he made his *Cupid* after this Manner; and the Eyes are charm'd in seeing, in little, a Man's Body perfectly well formed; for neither *Apollo* nor *Antinous* are Bodies more regular or more perfect than *Cupid* is, which in Relation to them, is as a Piece of Miniature, in Relation to a large Piece of Painting in Oyl.

A SHIP,

THE COLOURS AND SAILS OF WHICH
ARE MADE OF WATERWORKS:

In the Garden of Belvedere.

THIS little Vessel floats upon the Water in a great Basin; it is made of Iron, and perfectly well composed of abundance of little Pieces.

The Sails are of white Iron, (which we corruptly enough call Tin) but of an extraordinary Whiteness, and furled; but when the Cock is turned, there issues out of these Sails an Infinity of little Streams, very thin and fine, which being joined close together, form Sheets of Water which perfectly resemble Sails: For these little Fibres of Water issuing with a great deal of Rapidity, whiten like Foam, and imitate exactly the Colour of Canvas; so that when they begin to play, it looks

as if these furled Sails of Tin unfolded and extended themselves, and that it was the Wind that swelled them up; all is owing to the Disposition of the Pipes.

There are at least five hundred of these little Water-Courses employed in the Sails, and in the Ensigns, and other Colours.

The Canons of this Vessel, which employ as many in Number, have this pretty Effect, that the Water comes out with such a Noise as resembles that produced with Powder in Canons of that size, so that one fancies one hears continual Firing. It is certainly one of the finest Pieces that can be seen in Hydraulick Machinery; nothing is more ingeniously imagined: And I think, one cannot find in any place of the World a Fountain playing with an Invention more novel and more agreeable.





C H A P. XLII.

FIGURES,

— REPRESENTING DIFFERENT SORTS OF
ANIMALS IN SEVERAL PALACES
AND VILLAS OF ROME.

Antiques.

IF one collected all the Antique Figures of Animals that one sees in the Palaces and Villas of *Rome*, it would certainly be one of the finest Sights in the Universe; the Eagle of the *Villa Matthei*, the Lion of the *Villa Medicis*, the wild Boar, and the mad Wolf of the *Villa Borgheſe*, the Bear of the Fountain at *Termini*, the Peacocks of the *Belvedere* in the *Vatican*, the Goat in the Palace *Juſtiniani*, and the other Works of this Nature; all theſe together would form a ſecond

cond Nature as beautiful as the first, when first created ; for these Masterpieces are Copies more perfect than the Originals themselves: Nay Brutes in the Original, such as we see now-a-days, are not so beautiful as these Figures, which notwithstanding were made after their Model ; so that I shall not be afraid to say that these excellent Antiques might serve as a Model to form anew all these Species if they should be destroyed, and there wanted one to form them by. The Eagle really flies, the Lion roars, the wild Boar threatens, the Wolf devours with his Eyes all that surrounds him ; the Bear sleeps, but with a Sleep altogether frightful, the Peacocks pride themselves, and the Goat, tho' he seems to be in such a brown Study with his rueful Figure, is notwithstanding so lively, and full of so much Spirit, that this seems to be an Effect of his looking so stedfastly at those who are before him, and that therefore stops and is immoveable.

What Art is this which can give so much Life and Movement to Brass, Stone, and Marble?





C H A P. XLIII.

A MIRMILLON *.

An Antique Statue formerly in the Villa Ludovisio.



N E can only see Copies of this excellent Statue, which is one of the seven chief Pieces in the World; Prince *Odescalchi* who bought it of the late Prince *Ludovisio* keeping it so close that no one who-soever can see it.

The Moment that a wounded Man is ready to expire can never be better seen than in a Man who is really going to give up the Ghost, as one sees in this Statue. This poor Wretch, as much exhausted of Strength by Effusion of Blood, as thro'

* The *Mermillions* were a sort of *Gladiators* armed like the *Gauls*, who fought generally against those called *Retiarii*.

the Fatigue of successive Combats, is no longer to have any Life; but the Moment one looks at him, Death already is all painted in his Air: and his Lips, which begin to approach each other, seem only to attend the last Gasps; his Mouth, as well as his Eyes, is going to close for ever, and his Body falling for its last.

I shall say no more, but that as I have seen only a Copy of this famous Statue, I doubt not but those who shall see the Statue it self, will find, I say, but very little on this Subject: However, I think it is a great deal for a Copy, having never seen any, in any Place in the World, especially of those Miracles of Antiquity, which was not much inferior to the Originals; so that when one comes to see them, they appear entirely new Pieces, where one finds a thousand Beauties of a Character never to be copied. In comparing thus the Copy with the Original, one may judge what Prodigy this is by the little I have said of it.

But on Sight of these wonderful Pieces of Sculpture, what shall we say of those incomparable Masters of Art, those divine Men who have left them to us? What Art, what Genius, what Expressions are these of our antient Statuaries? Life, Death, Agony, Suspension of Life, the Image of Death, this is yet nothing; but the Image of those States
neither

neither of Life, Death, nor Agony, as in *Niobe*, who is neither living nor dead, dying nor petrified; feigned Sleep, a natural Sleep, as in the Faune at the Palace *Barberini*; a drunken Sleep, as in the *Silenus* of *Ludovisio*; Reverie in the Figure of Mount *Palatin*; Lassitude in the *Hercules* of *Farnese*; Agony in the *Seneca* of *Borghese*. In fine, the Moment of Expiration, and the last Gasp, as in this Mirmillon.

When they join two Statues together, one immediately knows what they design'd to express; there is no Occasion of any Interpreter, one sees at first what they would do, and hear what they would say. When one looks upon *Brutus* and *Portia* in the *Villa Mattei*, one plainly sees it is conjugal Love they would represent by this Groupe, and can it be expressed by Attitudes and Airs of a Union more chaste and intimate? There one sees Fidelity, Confidence, Candor, and, if I may be permitted the Term, even the Identity of two Persons, which make only one by conjugal Love.

One need only cast one's Eyes on that other Groupe of two great Figures in the *Villa Ludovisio*, to know that it is Friendship they would there figure out; for do we not see, at first View, that these two Persons have only one Heart? Can true
Fidelity,

Fidelity, Simplicity, and cordial Affection be better expressed?

I say nothing of unlawful Love, so well represented in the Groupe of *Faustina* and her Gladiator in the *Villa Borgheſe*; for it is not a hard Matter to form Images of this Love and its Sallies, more than thoſe of other violent Paſſions? But what I admire in the Antients is, that they knew, in ſuch a lively Manner, Paſſions ſo temperate and ſo modeſt as Friendſhip and conjugal Love; of Virtues ſo calm as Fidelity and Concord; ſimple Sentiments of the Soul, rather than Paſſions and Virtues, as Repoſe and Peace; in fine, States ſo mute as Reverie and Silence: For what Force of Expreſſion muſt not be imprinted in Statues of Braſs and Marble to make them repreſent things ſo ſimple and eaſy as this, by the only Attitude they give them! However, this is what the Sculptors of ancient *Greece* and *Rome* knew how to effect.



Tho' I propoſed to write only of the Works of Rome, the Lucretia of Guido, which I ſaw at Genoa, has ſomething ſo ſingularly beautiful, that I cannot help ſpeaking two or three Words of it, and ſo conclude.

A LUCRETIA.

A PICTURE AT GENOA IN THE PALACE BALBI.

By GUIDO RENI.

THIS Picture is of the Character of all the other Pieces of *Guido* that are at *Rome*. His Expressions are well studied, and after the Manner of *Timanthes*, the famous *Greek Painter**, which are made rather for the Mind than the Eye; and which makes us understand much more of these things than they make us see, when one discovers more or less Beauties in Proportion to ones Understanding: Where one only Figure, by the fine and sublime Thoughts one finds in it, surpasses very often the most abundant Compositions, and makes us know how excellent the Art of Painting is, that such Painters had a Genius yet more sublime and elevated than their Art.

One sees in the Body of this *Lucretia*, the most perfect Roundness, without even any Shade, by the half Colourings only, in which *Guido* was most excellent; and on her Face, an Air the most lively in the World, tho'

* In omnibus ejus Operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur; & cum ars summa sit, Ingenium tamen ultra Artem est. Pin. l. 35. c. 10.

with these white and pale Colours of his latter Manner, made use of only by him, and by which he has made his Pieces more beautiful, than the greatest Painters of his Time have done in theirs with the most beautiful Colours they could lay on.

Other Painters have made a hundred Grimaes in *Lucretia*, to express the Grief she suffers for the Violence offered her by *Tarquín*, and which caused that fatal Stroke of the Poniard, and with which she pierces her Breast: *Guido*, without any thing of this, found out the Secret to shew in her Features only, the strongest and most beautiful Expression of the most lively Grief that ever was seen.

Her Eyes appear sunk in her Head, and her Forehead contracted by Force of her Application to her cruel Reflexions, seems to lose it self entirely; you would say that she has neither Eyes nor Forehead, and that being thus disfigured, it is more the Image of Grief than *Lucretia*.

But of what Character is this wonderful Image? It is of a Grief chaste and holy, which makes the Virtue of her that is so deeply affected with, it the more admired. One plainly sees it is her self which is the Cause of it, and which she looks upon as a just Punish-

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ment,

ment, the Cruelty of which she exercises against her self. Her Virtue appears yet more grand by her Misfortunes, her Strength prevails over her Suffering, and her Courage is superior to her Grief, tho' it is extreme, and the greatest she can suffer. All this is expressed after a Manner so divine, and with so much Science, that this only Picture made *Guido* very deservedly, as he has been stiled, the God of Painting, tho' he had never drawn any other but this.

In short, what shall I say? This incomparable Genius, by Lineaments only peculiar to his divine Pencil, has shewn in the Airs of his *Lucretia*, I know not what virtuous Horror of an involuntary Abuse, and I know not what chaste Fury against a Crime committed on her against her Inclination. One does not believe one sees either Canvas, or Picture, but *Lucretia* her self all alive, and in the Moment she forcibly lets out Life, that she may not survive the Loss of her Honour; it is she her self that one sees; 'tis she her self one bewails and admires, blaming her one Moment, and justifying her the next: One thinks neither of *Guido* nor Painting, so strong and lively is this Expression, so much does it surpass the ordinary Productions of Art, and confounds even Nature it self,
which

which cannot distinguish those of her own Production from those which so profound an Artifice can imitate in so lively a Manner.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

PAGE 14. Line 22. for *Colours*, read *Coutours*. p. 38.
 l. ult. for *commonly*, r. *cannot*. p. 67. r. *Pincers*. p. 70.
 l. 18. r. *dances*. l. 22 for the *Enjoyment of the Gods*, r. the
Joy of the Goddesses. p. 102. l. 4. for *free*, r. *full*. p. 106. l. 18.
 for *Colours*, r. *Columns*. p. 121. l. 7. r. *This Tomb would*. p. 127.
 l. 11. for *in*, r. *into*. p. 138. l. 11. r. *Facciata*. p. 159. l. ult.
 for *Fiborets*, r. *Arborets*. p. 170. l. 11. for *to*, r. *into*. p. 187.
 l. 22. r. *that he therefore*. p. 189. l. 2. after *life*, blot out ; p.
 190. l. 10. after *Mirmillon*, r. *all is surprising*. p. 191. l. 9. after
knew, r. *how to express*. p. 192. l. 11. r. *make*.









